Week ending November 21 1953 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

MY ESCAPE FROM A KOREAN PRISON CAMP

by Alfred Holdham, M.M.

TIME OF AWAKENING

Charlton Ogburn's moving story of a boy on the verge of adolescence

Are you 'washed out' on wash day?

Monday morning blues — Monday morning slackness — and piles of laundry to be done, just when you feel least like it. No wonder that you finish 'washed out' yourself on wash day. Don't be depressed by seas of suds and mountains of dirty linen. Why put up with it any longer? Let Mr. Therm help you out — Mr. Therm makes home laundry EASY.

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MOTHER – Even the cleanest child can unwittingly pick up head lice, but do not reproach yourself or worry about it. Suleo Hair Emulsion is a safe, easily applied remedy: pleasant and undetectable.

EDITORIAL

Why so secret?

Is it more important that the people of Devon and Cornwall should have good television reception, or that Dartmoor should be left unscathed by a TV mast?

Should five thousand people be provided with houses by building a small town on the crest of the North Downs, or should the area be left free for walkers?

Shall the splendour of Talyllyn in the North Wales national park be sacrificed to a dam bringing cheap power to the grid?

THESE are just three of the problems caused by the "developing" of our beautiful, tight little island. There is no pat answer. Even the secretary of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, Mr. H. C. Griffin, speaks cautiously: "We are not opposed to development in the countryside provided that it is in the right place, of appropriate materials, in accordance with good planning requirements and without encroachment on productive agricultural land."

MR. H. C. GRIFFIN
No pat answer

Yet almost every major development that is planned arouses a protest.

And the protests do not always come from the local inhabitants — for everybody who lives in Britain has an interest in what is done to the British countryside.

LOCAL planning authorities often try to nip a scheme in the bud by applying their preliminary veto, where they have the power. Then a public inquiry may be held, at which both sides put their cases to an inspector of the Ministry of Housing.

There were 1,647 appeals pending at the end of September. Each appeal is judged by the Minister of Housing on the basis of the inspector's report. These reports are never published. The public cannot judge what factors influenced the decision, or even whether the Minister has followed the inspector's recommendations.

ABOUT twenty years ago, a government committee recommended that reports should be published. It also suggested that the inspectors should be chosen from an independent panel, *not* tied to a Ministry.

That committee was led by Lord Donoughmore, and it is a melancholy joke that his name could not have been more apt—for nothing more has been done.

Why not? Let everybody have the chance to read both sides of every planning argument—and the judge's summing-up as well.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHEN the heroine smoked, the girl in the audience asked for a cigarette. Now, as love blooms in tropical heat, she wants an ice. After this, her boy friend hopes to see some of the film. So does the rest of the audience. Paul Rainer, who painted this conflict of interests for his first cover, is a keen filmgoer; he finds a study of camera work and film locales valuable for developing illustration technique for JOHN BULL's short stories.

Restful *nights...*

mean

Zestful days

DO *you* wake up in the morning refreshed and light-hearted? . . . or tired and dispirited? The answer will depend on the *quality* of your sleep. You must have regular nights of restful sleep to keep you healthy, vigorous and ready to enjoy life to the full.

That is why countless thousands of people, the world over, make delicious 'Ovaltine' their bedtime beverage. Prepared from Nature's finest foods, it helps to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restorative sleep. Moreover, while you sleep, its nutritive properties—fortified with additional vitamins—assist in providing nourishment to rebuild strength and vitality.

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No other beverage can give you better sleep

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NOVEMBER 21, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2473 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

My daughter draws her I. Q.

MY four-year-old daughter spent a rainy afternoon recently designing a birthday card for her schoolteacher aunt, who was staying with us. She folded a piece of paper in half, and drew a picture of herself playing with the cat.

Later, my sister told me that the drawing showed quite clearly that my daughter was of good intelligence. I was very puzzled by this, as I did not see how such a simple sketch could reveal anything significant. But she pointed out that the figure on the card had a face with ears, eyes, a nose and a mouth, and that the cat had four legs, a tail and whiskers—in the right places. "That may seem easy to you, but for a four-year-old it is a considerable achievement," she said. "Many children of that age would have put the limbs in the wrong places and left out the features entirely."—Mrs. N. K. P., Glamorganshire.

Traps in Burma

DURING the war the Japanese in Burma used mantraps similar to those described by Lewis Cotlow in "Amazon Headhunters." A foot striking a root strung across a jungle trail at ankle level would release a King Coconut tree, which had been bent back like a bow and armoured with needle-sharp slivers of bamboo. These pit traps were like the Jivaro hole of death, but there was one refinement. Fresh earth would be sprinkled on the trail in front of the trap. The leading scouts of a column would suspect danger and step to one side, where another concealed pit awaited them.—F. W. De Ville, Boreham, Chelmsford, Essex.

This week's instalment of "Amazon Headhunters" begins on page 17.

Sign With A Smile

MY photograph shows an amusing sign which I saw in the grounds of the Borough Museum at Dumfries. I

am sure that it is more effective than a notice of the usual "By Order" type.—Miss M. S. Miller, Victoria Road, Dunoon, Argyll.

Gallant Woman

CAPTAIN Peter Churchill's account in John Bull of his work with his wife Odette and members of the French Resistance prompts me to write of Madame Pauli, a very brave woman who sheltered a number of allied airmen—of whom I was one—in a house in the rue de Naples in Brussels. Her house was next to a German headquarters and sentries patrolled to and fro in the street outside. When Madame was finally arrested there, she led the Germans to the top floor so that her housekeeper could escape from the basement.—J. Ramsden, Rensburg Street, Hull, Yorkshire.

Madame Anne Brusselmans, who was herself appointed an M.B.E. for assisting the escapes of two hundred allied airmen shot down over Belgium, tells John Bull *that Madame Pauli was arrested in January, 1944, after the Germans had intercepted a radio message to London sent by an agent who had been parachuted into Belgium. This message gave her name and address. As soon as it was decoded orders for her arrest were given. She was beaten to death in Belsen concentration camp later the same year.*

Alarm Bell

GILBERT HARDING'S amusing description of the chance arrest of a Bradford car thief reminded me of a story told by a friend who is a retired policeman. Passing the house of a local character at five o'clock one morning he heard the sound of an alarm clock coming from an upstairs window. He was puzzled by this—the man was well known for his dislike of work—but he thought no more about it until later that morning, when a report came to the police station that some fowls had been stolen. My friend at once went round to the owner of the alarm clock, and caught him in the act of plucking the birds.—S. Chaplin, Fairburn, Leeds.

"Along My Line," Gilbert Harding's life-story, continues on page 11.

Toes First

C. J. LANE'S method of getting to sleep ("Free Speech," October 31) by counting twelve sheep and adding on four for a shepherd would simply keep me awake. I try relaxing first my toes, and then, slowly, my calves, knees, finger-tips, hands, wrists and elbows. I am usually asleep before I reach the finger-tip stage. — Mrs. Agnes Kelly, Litherland Park, Liverpool, 21.

. . . To get to sleep, I try to name all the people living in the road. I never pass a house without accounting for each member of the family.—Miss P. A. Jones, Stevenson Road, Radford, Coventry.

. . . My system is to read the fifth book of Genesis (the one which tells us who begat who) and try to take it all in.—Miss Thelma Jenkins, Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff.

. . . A Cheviot shepherd once told me that while waiting for sleep he would go through the flock in his mind, seeing how many individual sheep he knew. Quite often he would recall more than two hundred of them. —E. M., Dundee.

Fisher-geese

I WAS interested by the "Free Speech" letter about a duck versus pike battle on the Thames. My wife and I spent a holiday in the Rob Roy country on a farm by the Lake of Menteith, where Mary Queen of Scots lived for a time as a child on the island of Inchmahome. We were told

Begins in John Bull next week

SECRET BATTLES OF THE DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

The first full dossier of the army's Scotland Yard

Full details on page 13

that in the late eighteenth century a rather unusual sport was followed there. Pike were caught with baited lines tied to the feet of farmyard geese which were driven into the waters of the lake. The geese would try to get to the shore, dragging the fish with them.—N. M., Hampshire.

. . . As a friend with whom I was pike-fishing spun a minnow, a large tern-like bird dived and picked it out of the water. The bird was hooked, but we released it immediately. It made another, unsuccessful, attempt to take a minnow and then flew away. —W. M., Lanarkshire.

Two Of Each

AS the mother of twins ("Free Speech," October 31) may I make this suggestion to some enterprising person with capital? Why not open a twin

shop where the customer can be sure of making twin purchases? Very few shops stock two identical garments in the same size. We have either to wait while a duplicate is ordered from a wholesaler or buy clothes of differing designs—and that often causes a squabble.—MRS. E. M. TORRENT, Bournemouth, Hampshire.

. . . My sister and I dressed alike and went everywhere together. I always looked to her for help and knew that I would get it, but that did not stop me from growing up into a woman with her own opinions. In twenty-eight years we have never quarrelled. If twins are treated differently there can be jealousy, and then sisterly love vanishes.—MRS. E. M., Birmingham.

. . . My twins often used to say that they longed for an individuality of their own. They never liked it when people confused them or expected them to want the same things from life, just because their looks were identical.—MRS. J. B., Kent.

. . . On the same day both my twins were bitten on the right forearm by another child. One caught a thumb in a pram hood, the other in an oven door—again on the same day. And in the space of three weeks, early this year, they both had an appendix operation. — MRS. E. BOYLAND, Glamorganshire.

Reading Habit

IN a bus queue the other day I stood next to a rather haughty girl who was wearing one of those jolly scarves that have comic drawings, verses or slogans on them. Glancing at it idly, I noticed the words "Frank, fearless and free" running across the girl's back and over her shoulder. I can never ignore the printed word, and I found myself craning my neck to see the rest of the line. Before I could satisfy my curiosity the girl turned and gave me a look that should have been delivered through a lorgnette. Somewhat chastened, I withdrew, wondering why these scarves are worn if the words on them may not be read.—R. W. B., Birkenhead, Cheshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Advertiser's Announcement

Half-price kisses—

U.S.A. Scientist's proposal

IT is not often that a scientist gets talking about girls and kissing! But perhaps American scientists are different? I've been talking to the clever young scientist in New York who discovered decyl-carminate, the latest tooth-whitening agent, which is sweeping this country. The first dentifrice manufacturers to incorporate decyl-carminate in toothpaste are the Lauraine Laboratories, who make what they ingeniously call "Less Toothpaste" because you only need half as much as usual to get brilliantly polished, snowy-white teeth.

by Jennifer Thornton

Aid to Romance

He remarked how, 100 years ago, and even less (that's not meant to be a pun!), toothpaste was seldom used to add attractiveness to the smile and thus increase that most elusive of all feminine attributes—sex appeal. "Now," he remarked with a shy grin, "I've cut the cost of kissing by half!"

A recent survey showing the importance of each of the sexes attributes both to white teeth and fresh sweet breath as an aid to romance (and a check I made on the phenomenal success of this new "Less Toothpaste" in this country does assuredly bear out his words).

Ammoniated

Decyl-carminate certainly does "do the trick." My own teeth were noticeably whiter after using "Less" only a few times; and the lovely flavour left my breath sweet as sweet—to say nothing of its being ammoniated to keep down decay.

So, for the same cost, you can now have teeth shining white for two months instead of one. Even kisses at half-price now! What next?

"Less" is in most shops by now. Or 1/7½d. sent to Lauraine Laboratories, Ltd., 2, Star Road, W.14., mentioning JOHN BULL, will bring you a tube post free.

What wakes PETULA CLARK ?

"*On the set we start shooting horribly early every morning,*" *says Petula Clark, the J. Arthur Rank star.* "*I simply* had *to have an alarm clock I could trust — a Westclox.*"

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Why didn't you tell me?

But how could she? When he left home in the morning his suit was immaculate, neatly pressed, carefully brushed. But all through the day those seedy-looking dandruff flakes have been settling on the back of his jacket collar . . . seen and disapproved of by everyone but him . . . ruining his appearance and threatening the health of his hair. There is *one* treatment which would swiftly help him! Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion has been warmly recommended by pharmacists and hairdressers for many years now, and the excellent results obtained by every user have continued to increase its popularity. Ask for Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion at your chemists or hairdressers today. Only 3/2d. Large bottle 4/4d.

For a complete treatment use also
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N.13

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Just give yourself a gentle massage every morning for 20 seconds with a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Make sure you move the whole scalp with your fingers. You'll soon notice a wonderful improvement. Scalp feels better, hair looks better and stays naturally in place all day.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic costs only 2/6, or 3/9 for the double-quantity bottle, and you need only a few drops a day. Be really smart—get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today.

Vaseline* **HAIR TONIC**

The dressing that ends Dry Scalp

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THEODORA GOES TO HEAVEN

by FRANK BENOIT

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Her fiancé and her father were in the same ship. That was *all* they had in common

WHEN THE OWNERS informed Jimmy Sylvester that the captain of the freighter S.S. Elvira Swift was retiring, and he—James Sylvester—was the one elected to take over her bridge, his first reaction was a sense of complete satisfaction. After all, he would be the youngest skipper with the line—he was only thirty-five—and now he would have something really big to tell Theodora Mulrooney, the beautiful and very spirited redhead who was the love of his life.

Thinking of Theodora immediately brought to mind a picture of her father, Dan Mulrooney. At this point, Jimmy's self-satisfaction eased off just a little. Old Dan was the chief engineer aboard the Elvira Swift and he had been ever since the day, some years ago, that they slipped her down the way. He had nursed her boilers all over the world since then, and he knew her like the back of his hand. He was an engine-room autocrat, a chief of the old school, and on top of that he was Irish and cantankerous.

Why the hell don't they retire him, too, Jimmy thought. Not only will he be living with me after I marry his daughter, but I'll also have to sail with him, too. It's too much to ask of a man. . . .

But a ship is a ship, he told himself, and no man passes up the chance of his first command. So, after putting on his best suit and polishing his shore-going shoes, he made his way to the Mulrooney home, to give the news to Theodora.

She was a lovely sight as she opened the door for him. Right from her crown of sunset hair to her sparkling eyes and her eager, half-parted lips she was lovely, and he felt a catch in his throat at the sight of her.

"Jimmy," she said in a breathless sort of a way. She didn't wait for him to make a move; she rushed forward, flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. There was nothing backward about Theodora Mulrooney.

After a time, standing there in the doorway, he freed his lips long enough to whisper:

"I've got a surprise for you—I've been——"

"We know!" bellowed a voice from inside. "The damn' fools have gone and made ye a

"Jimmy," she said, and flung her arms around him. There was nothing backward about Theodora

Mulrooney shot through the doorway. Behind him, almost upon him, surged a mighty wall of water

skipper. Come in an' close the door. It's a draught that's blowin' in here."

"Daddy is home," Theodora said, untangling herself from Jimmy's arms. "We heard all about it this afternoon and we are both so happy."

"Happy is it?" continued old Dan. "Speak for yourself, girl. What have I got to be happy about? Me havin' a new skipper an' him still wet behind the ears."

"Now look, you old bonehead," Jimmy shouted in at the chief, "just because your ears are as big as your feet, that's no reason for you to start insulting me."

"Jimmy darling, please," Theodora said reproachfully. "You are talking to my father."

"And that's the only good thing in the old villain's favour," Jimmy answered.

"Ye should show a little respect for your elders," the old villain said.

"And you should try some yourself with your captain." Jimmy strode into the living-room.

"Captain! Hah!" Chief Mulrooney smothered his contempt in the palm of a horny hand.

Theodora left them going at it and went out to the kitchen to get on with the dinner.

As far as ships were concerned she was a "below decks" girl—her father had brought her up well. To her, a chief engineer was the most important man on a ship. The upper deck she knew nothing about. She had never heard of anything else but boilers, oilers, valves and gauges. "All them lazy deck hands do is wheel her an' keep her from bumpin' into milestones," her father had told her on more than one occasion.

Being a true Mulrooney, she was loyal to her father, and she took it for granted that the upper deck was something a ship could do without.

And then she met Jimmy Sylvester. She met him and she fell in love with him. He was a mate, but he had no time to talk of upper decks or ships at all when he was with Theodora. He had other things to think about.

"He's the youngest mate with the line," old Dan told her, "one of them up an' comin' lads tryin' to do a lifetime's work in a matter of a few years."

JIMMY came aboard the Elvira Swift ten days before she was due to sail. She was a trim enough packet. While he did not know her, he had sailed on the other two ships of the line, and they were all of the same pattern—11,000 Plimsoll, broad beam, blunt bow and easy to handle in a seaway. That was the Elvira Swift. To Jimmy she might have been the Queen Mary or the Mauretania. She had a fresh coat of paint. She was his first command and he loved her.

Chief Mulrooney was standing at the outboard rail watching an approaching barge which was about to come alongside.

"He's cutting it pretty fine," Jimmy said, nodding in the direction of the barge.

"He has to," old Dan said, very superior. "There's an offshore wind blowin' — ain't there?"

"No matter," Jimmy said. "He's still cutting it thin. The way he is now he'll pile that scow into us midships."

Mulrooney grinned somewhat vindictively. "Don't worry about him," he said. "He's an old timer—he's been comin' alongside for as many years as ye've got."

"Well, he's not this time." Jimmy stepped up to the rail. "Watch it there!" he bellowed in his best hurricane voice, "I've got a new paint job!"

It was the wrong thing to say. The chief snorted. "Paint job—hah! An' me waitin' for oil—the life blood of the damn' ship!"

The clumsy barge made a stab for it, trying to race in. It was to no avail. With the offshore wind and the tide running as it was, last-minute decisions were impossible. The barge ploughed into the Elvira Swift bow on, it veered off and came back again to take the length of her, scraping paint to the tune of Captain James Sylvester's profanity.

"Old timers," he sneered at Mulrooney. "You're right, that was the most old-fashioned coming alongside I've ever seen."

"Paint is a cheap thing," Mulrooney came back, "an' I need oil."

THE day started with an argument and so it ended. Jimmy's remark about old-timers had got under the old man's skin, and at dinner that night the two of them were still hurling insults, with the food lying cold on their plates.

Theodora kept well out of it, but, after all, she wasn't a Mulrooney and a redhead for nothing. Later on, sitting on the front porch, she had her say.

"Jimmy darling," she said, with her head on his shoulder, "you should have more patience with Daddy. It wasn't his fault about this morning."

"Of course it wasn't his fault," Jimmy said. "It was that gaffer on the barge. But just the same, your father is a stubborn old cuss."

Theodora's head came up off his shoulder. "You are, too, you know," she said.

"I have to be to hold my own," Jimmy told her. "He's got an obsession that a sailor has to be as ancient as Noah to know his business."

"He has been sailing for a long time," Theodora said, almost sharply. She added: "You are lucky to have him with you."

"Now wait a minute!" Jimmy protested. "He's good—sure. He knows his stuff, granted. But I'm the captain. I take anybody down below that the line gives me—providing they know what they are doing."

"Don't let it go to your head." Theodora's voice was sharper than ever. "Anyone is lucky to have my father."

"Up to a point," Jimmy said. "But only up to a point."

Suddenly the redheaded Mulrooney was mad. "*He's* the brains of your damn' ship!"

That was enough for Jimmy. "What do you think I am—a passenger?" he shouted.

And that was it; their first quarrel, but a good one. Theodora expounded the engine-room view with a beautifully crazy feminine slant. Love or no love, Jimmy backed down not a whit.

"No captain ever had to put up with a situation like this," he said, "I might as well be courting my chief engineer."

"I wouldn't have ye!" old Dan roared from

Continued on page 29

I escaped from a Korean prison camp

by Corporal ALFRED HOLDHAM, M.M.
THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

No captive of the Communists ever broke out—and stayed out. But it was three men of the Glosters, fugitives for twelve days, who came nearest to freedom

Home—and Corporal Holdham steps jauntily through the barrier at Paddington. Captured at the Imjin River, his first thought on seeing the prison camp was, "Now, how do I get out of here?"

FOR NORTHERN KOREA, Chongsong is a fair-sized town. Twenty miles from the west coast and about the same distance from the Yalu River, it looked at first glance like any other depressing collection of mud huts. But Chongsong was different because forty of its dilapidated buildings were known as Camp 5 for Prisoners of War. On the night of May 14, 1952, there were a thousand British, American and other United Nations troops confined there under Chinese guards.

There were one thousand until nine o'clock of that dark spring night. At precisely nine o'clock, a siren sounded in the town. All the lights in the camp went out. Chinese guards yelled and shouted as they ran in and out of the huts and, in less time than it takes to tell, Chongsong's prisoner of war population had slumped from one thousand to 996. With three companions, I was off on what was the longest and most nearly successful escape of the Korean War.

The panic that evening was not caused by our disappearance, but by a fortunately timed United Nations air raid that came at the exact moment I had chosen to escape. Our departure was planned to coincide with a change in the guard that more than made up for the absence of barbed-wire fences. The arrival of the bombers and the sounding of the air-raid alarm just then was pure luck.

Some of the Chinese ran for the air-raid shelters. Others screamed at prisoners to douse their cigarettes. The confusion was illuminated by tracer fire from the ack-ack guns in the town, and then bathed in the glare of camera flares dropped by the planes.

We dodged and ducked between the mud huts. Once we almost bumped into a patrol. There were no obstacles, but getting over a fence would have been child's play compared with evading the Chinese guards. Finally we worked our way clear of the built-up area and crawled along a ditch beside a paddyfield.

Hedges gave us shelter and, twenty minutes later, when the all clear came, we were at the foot of the hills above Chongsong. We looked at each other and I pointed up the slope. Three heads nodded agreement—we didn't dare to talk—and we started to climb. We leap-frogged up the hill, one man taking the lead and then another. At the top we sat together and looked back.

Guards' torches flashed. Chinese voices called to one another. It was like watching a scene on television. We were free. Then, rolling up in the one thin blanket each of us carried, we lay down and slept on that windswept Korean hillside.

On that spring night in 1952 we thought we knew all about Korean hills. The four of us had one thing in common. We were all Glosters. Pete Tozer and I had volunteered for Korea. Tozer had recommended Bill Bennett, and Andy

In the Burma Club, London, Holdham has a drink with Private Andy Devine, one of his companions in the escape attempt. Serving them is hostess Mrs. Tun Tin, herself a former prisoner of the Japanese

Devine belonged to my section of No. 12 Platoon, "D" Company. Devine once told me: "Corp, where you go, I go." He meant it, and he stuck to his word through the Gloster Hill battle, the Imjin River and prison camp.

The four of us were captured at the Imjin River, where the Glosters upset the Chinese spring offensive in 1951. The Chinese wanted to spend May Day in Seoul and their main attack hit us on April 22. It was a Sunday night, and we held them off until Monday, when the battalion withdrew to a commanding hill. They didn't get us off there until Wednesday, when we got orders to fight our way out.

Eighty Yards From Rescue

Captain Mike Harvey was in command of "D" company and I think there were about eighty of us left. We made our way north for about half an hour before we came under heavy small-arms and machine-gun fire. Finally we got to a valley about a quarter-mile wide; we could see some American tanks trying to get in.

I got within eighty yards of those tanks. Some of the boys got to the tanks, but the Chinese saw them go. The enemy machine guns switched on; some of the men tried to cross and were killed in front of us. We saw the tanks pull back, covering about thirty Glosters. There were seven of us left lying in a ditch without one round of ammunition between us. The Chinese were sniping at us and we decided among ourselves that there was nothing to do but surrender.

We got up, and some North Koreans on the left side fired on us. But a Chinese officer came down on the other side and stopped them. This officer tried to assure us that we wouldn't be ill-treated. He gave us time to dress the wounded as best we could. The next day we started the march north.

There were about three hundred of us—mostly Glosters but a few Puerto Ricans and Turks as well. We moved at night, marching anything from five to fifteen miles across country, up and down hills. Night after night it went on. Sick and wounded had to keep up with us. Whatever the condition of our men, they still could outmarch the Chinese. Some of the guards had to drop out, but we stuck it just to show the Chinese that we were not licked.

The colonel (Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne) and the R.S.M. (E. J. Hobbs), both men in their forties, set the example. They weren't allowed to talk to us. It was just the way they carried themselves that made us feel that if they could do it, we could do it. Geordie Armstrong, from the Medical Corps, worked wonders with what he could get—and that was very little. He was treating the sick even when he was sick himself. Corporal Ginger Norley and Sergeant Spud Murphy, both powerful men—they went in for body building—went through scarcely a night without carrying someone.

We marched all through May and into June. Then one morning, after we had come more than 350 miles from the battlefront, we went around a bend in a valley and there was our first view of Chongsong. From a distance it looked nicely laid out, but when we finally got into our billets we could see the filth, vermin and dilapidation. That night we slept on dirt floors—we didn't get bunks until 1952. There were ten or twelve of us to a room no more than nine feet square.

"I Must Get Out Of Here"

So this is prison, I thought. Now, how do I get out of here? The idea of escaping seemed to me natural, almost a duty. Later I was surprised to find that only about ten per cent of my fellow prisoners actively considered escape. The initiative of the others was sapped.

In my case, the impulse to be free had been drilled into me. I had joined the army as soon as I was seventeen. That was in 1941, and I spent my twenty-first birthday as a radio operator with the Maquis in Occupied France. Fortunately, I had never been captured before, although I had been parachuted into France to work behind the German lines and into Malaya when the Japanese were there.

Chongsong did not look impressive to an escapist. There were no barbed-wire fences or guard towers as in conventional prison camps. However, the Chinese patrolled the boundaries thoroughly, and depended on the North Koreans to turn in any escaped prisoner who got beyond the guards.

As soon as we arrived at Chongsong the officers and senior n.c.o.s were separated and taken to another camp. The rest of us were divided into squads. In every case the squad leader picked by the Chinese was one of the younger prisoners —not men like myself who were veterans. In addition to the guards there were English-speaking Chinese "instructors" whose job was to convert us to their point of view.

Knifed By His Comrades

The instructors explained what they called their "lenient" policy. They said they were keen to be friendly and didn't want to punish us. However, if we didn't co-operate there was another policy. That was for the prisoners they considered hostile or, as the Chinese put it, under the influence of imperialist propaganda.

There was also a campaign to stir up trouble between the British and Americans. One of the Turkish prisoners was influenced by this and he made some anti-British remarks. The Turks were well organized and they decided to deal with him in their own way. He was covered with knife wounds when his fellow Turks finished with him. I know the man who did the knifing. He was a Turkish sergeant who himself had been bayoneted at Gallipoli, and he wouldn't stand for any remarks about British courage.

Reveille was 5.30 a.m. during the summer at Chongsong. Soon after that the wood details would go out. That was a good time to pick up information from prisoners in other parts of the camp, with whom we were not allowed to communicate. Breakfast was at eight; at first all we got was barley or watery rice. After a few months we were given steamed bread and a small quantity of vegetables as well.

In summer there were three meals a day, and in winter two. Usually it was fresh-killed pork. The Chinese would run the live pigs into the compound and we would have to kill and cook them. Sometimes there were so-called chickens —five or six scraggy hens to three hundred men. We ate everything but the feathers. Once, they gave us an ox. It was so skinny that the butchers could get only fifty-six pounds of meat off it.

Chance Of An Armistice

Sunday was clean-up and wash day. This might mean being taken to the river or to a Korean bathhouse. After a score of men had been in that bathhouse, you could cut the water with a knife.

Chongsong was by no means a place where you would stay by choice. But there were truce talks during the summer of 1951 and no one was interested in escaping while there was chance of an armistice. The talks met a deadlock in September, but winter was getting close and it would be foolhardy to try making your way across Korea in weather that sometimes goes down to forty below. Some did try escapes in 1951. None of them got far. They'd get out of camp during the night, then run into some Koreans the next day and be recaptured.

It was January, 1952, when I started planning seriously. Talks had started up and collapsed again. I hoped to be ready to make the break as soon as spring came. The weather would be reasonable then, and there would be a chance of getting food. The main problem was food and a knowledge of the country.

After walking 360 miles to Chongsong, I was looking for a simpler way to get back to United Nations territory. It seemed that a better method would be to head for the coast, where there would

Continued on page 33

ALONG MY LINE (9) by Gilbert Harding

My name is made-as a grouch

Round Britain Quiz **brought Gilbert a taste of fame. In more and more programmes he said what he thought. Then one or two outbursts rattled the radio sets—and the Harding legend was born**

LIFE—OR, AT LEAST, PUBLIC LIFE—began at forty for me. On the evening of November 1, 1947, when I was five months past my fortieth birthday, I caught the night train from London to Glasgow for the first *Round Britain Quiz*.

After shaving at the station hotel and breakfasting on wholesome Scots food, I stepped into the sparkling Glasgow morning and walked across to the office of Gordon Gildard, Head of Scottish Programmes. There we discussed last-minute details of the quiz, then still very much an unknown quantity.

We then went off to lunch with the Scottish team, James (now Sir James) Fergusson and Jack House, both of whom I found delightful company. House is a Glasgow journalist with a lively mind and ready wit, who endeared himself to me when, on my asking how listeners would be able to distinguish between their (to me) somewhat similar Scottish accents, replied: "I don't think they'll find any difficulty. James speaks with a public school accent, while mine is a public house one."

There were to be two recordings that afternoon. While the London team—Denis Brogan and Hubert Phillips—assembled with their question master, Lionel Hale, in a studio at Broadcasting House, we went off to the studio in the Glasgow office and waited for the engineers to link us with London. When this was done, we went into a trial run, using questions which the producer and we two question masters had rejected as unsuitable for actual broadcasting. This served to warm up the teams before the recording proper and also give the technical staff the chance to balance up the sound and make other tests.

"Too Noisy," Said Engineer

At one point I was slightly disconcerted. After asking a somewhat lengthy question I heard an engineer's voice say: "I'm afraid that Mr. Harding is making more noise than the two teams put together."

Before giving him a piece of my mind I glanced down at the microphone. It was much too close. Pushing the mike back about a foot, I repeated the question. There were no further comments from the worthy technical experts.

The questions chosen for the warm-up were fairly easy ones, picked deliberately to give the teams confidence. Unfortunately, the second

"We would be better fed if we all commented on food served in public," says Gilbert. He once praised a chef: when he went back, the man had left, angry because nobody else had praised him

Gilbert with the TV panel of *We Beg To Differ*. Left to right are: Bernard Braden, Barbara Mullen, Gladys Young, Roy Plomley, Joyce Grenfell, Harding, and Richard Afton (producer)

Ready for a *Twenty Questions* session: Gilbert and Margaret Stratton, his studio secretary.

one from Lionel Hale completely baffled my team. It was, I think, connected with a simple point of historical fact and was asked with full formality. I hastily suggested we scrubbed that one out and went on to my next elementary teaser.

We have since found that this is one of the most baffling aspects of this snag-ridden programme. We usually like to open and close with comparatively easy questions, the idea being that this ensures a brisk start and avoids trailing off at the end. All too frequently these questions, beamed at a team member with specialized knowledge of the subject, fail to register. On the other hand, the next question, deliberately picked to give the recipients an uncomfortable time, is likely to be answered almost before one has finished asking it.

A quiz master must be exceptionally stern about this, checking a too swift reply in order to give listeners time at least to absorb the question before having the answer blurted out for them.

Tension Before The Start

Two minutes before three o'clock we wound up the trial run. I settled back in my chair and waited. Each one of us was wearing head-phones, and presumably the same tension was making itself felt in the London studio, for we sat there in sudden complete silence. Then we heard the voice of the producer in London say: "All right, everybody. Ten seconds to go."

We continued to sit in silence. I gazed at the team. The team gazed back at me. Dead silence. The green light in the studio went on, indicating that the recording had started. I heard Lionel Hale's cheery voice saying: "Are you there, Glasgow? Hallo, Gilbert Harding. Here are Denis Brogan and Hubert Phillips in the London studio. How are you up there across the Border?"

"We're very well, thank you," I replied. "James Fergusson and Jack House are both here and waiting to hear the first question from you."

Round Britain Quiz was on the air. The programme caught on very well, and three successive controllers of the Light Programme have been pleased with it. The routine soon evolved into a familiar pattern. London would be challenged for a series of eight weekly contests (recorded in four batches of two) by each of the regions in turn, with Dublin as an occasional extra. The rota, which has kept flexible, has been: Scotland, Wales, West, North, Northern Ireland and Midland, the aim being to avoid consecutive programmes from adjoining regions.

A curious remote-control kind of camaraderie sprang up between the teams, and when Lionel Hale became seriously ill we all missed him enormously. He kept in touch with us, however, all through the many months he spent in hospital, and helped us considerably.

We get about three hundred suggestions each week from listeners. About one in ten is potentially useful, and this cream was sent to Hale, who edited them from his sick bed, polishing and arranging the lists. He would send two programmes-worth at a time, these arriving usually a week before the recording date. I would then go through the questions and answers with the producer, usually in the company of the other quiz master.

The producer would screen out any questions to which I, or my London opposite number, objected for personal reasons or because they might cause policy trouble. The B.B.C. takes great pains to avoid giving offence to listeners on grounds of religion, health, public morals and taste in general, and my colleagues and I are constantly on the watch for possible breaches of these unwritten rules in such programmes as *Round Britain Quiz*.

At first, I thoroughly enjoyed travelling by plane and train across the country. But after a while, this nomad existence of living in hotels and out of a trusty and much-battered suitcase became not so irksome as terribly wearing. I would—and still do—find myself going to sleep in the middle of conversations. Then, on getting between the sheets, sheer fatigue kept me awake. The strain of taking part in an endless succession of broadcasts places an extra tax on one's health and strength. After all, even recorded programmes must be flawless, since mistakes involving further recordings and overtime are extremely costly.

I have given up worrying about difficult questions since James Boyce of Northern Ireland answered what I consider the stiffest three-part question ever asked in *Round Britain Quiz*, after I had strongly objected to its inclusion. It was: (1) Who asked for the return of 18,000 men? (2) Who commemorated a famous victory and was also responsible for a Confederacy? (3) Whose first royal request was for thirty minutes alone?

When the time came for Lionel Hale to ask these questions I fully expected that they would leave the Northern Ireland team speechless. Dutifully I repeated them and almost before the words had left my lips James Boyce could be heard muttering:

"Confederacy? Confederacy? That must be Sir John Vanbrugh, seventeenth-century architect and dramatist. Of course, I produced his play *The Confederacy*. Oh, and as an architect he was responsible for building Blenheim Palace to commemorate the first Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim."

"Right, James Boyce," Lionel Hale said from London. "One mark. Now would you like to try again?"

"Surely," he said. "Now was it not Queen Victoria who, after her succession, told her mother: 'And now, pray, leave me alone for thirty minutes,' or words to that effect?"

"It was indeed, James Boyce," said Hale delightedly. "Do you think you could go on to the next part of the question?"

One Subject Left To Guess

"Now you've stumped me there, I think," said Boyce. "You want to know who asked for the return of eighteen thousand men?"

At this point I said: "I think it is in order for me to point out that the names of all three subjects have the same initial letter. Correct, Lionel Hale?"

"That is quite correct, Gilbert Harding," he replied.

"Let's think now," said Boyce. "Victoria, Vanbrugh—now who else? Eighteen thousand men? There must be a massive clue in that, somewhere."

"It might help," I said quietly, "if you divide this figure by three."

"Six thousand men?" Boyce asked. "Six

Before them are stopwatches, and a closely-guarded file with the questions and answers

thousand—why, that's a Roman legion, isn't it? Just a moment now. V? V? Valerian? No. Ah, yes—Publius Quintilius Varus, the Roman general who was routed with three legions. He ordered them to return but they went on running. So he killed himself."

"Right again," said Lionel Hale. "Three marks, James Boyce."

"He deserves a dozen," I growled. Each question master does what he can, within limits, to help his team along. But in this instance, I think Hale was as excited as I was.

Exhausted After Broadcast

Boyce did not think he had done anything spectacular. Yet on another occasion, after two fairly routine recordings of the programme, he was so exhausted that we had to lead him to an ante-room and stretch him out on a couch for half an hour's complete rest. Such are the strains and stresses of broadcasting.

Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to go with *Round Britain Quiz* to Dublin, where there was a first-class team—a barrister called Noel Peart and a journalist, Alec Newman.

All went well for a time, but then prejudice reared its ugly head and people in the North of Ireland asked: "Why go down there south of the border to do *Round Britain Quiz* when the southerners spend all their time saying they don't belong to Britain?"

That was bad enough, but then people in Southern Ireland, not to be outdone in stupidity and prejudice, said: "How dare they come here, talking about *Round Britain Quiz*? We aren't in Great Britain!" For a time we were able to effect a compromise by using a phrase like: "Now we go out of the United Kingdom to visit our friends in Ireland." But then people began to complain again from both sides, so Sir William Haley, then Director-General of the B.B.C., thought that it was about time there was a plague on both their houses. And we go to Dublin, to my great regret, no more.

When, to the surprise of several knowledgeable people at Broadcasting House, *Round Britain Quiz* became established as a popular radio programme, and Gilbert Harding settled without undue difficulty into the job of travelling quiz master, it became imperative that I leave the B.B.C. staff.

I wondered, at the time, why the B.B.C. should want to pay me much more for being off the staff than on it, and for keeping to a less strict time-table. Now, I realize that they are quite right in their policy of having as few "name" broadcasters on the staff as possible.

After all, if you have a house and garden big enough you might employ a full-time gardener, but you would not employ a full-time doctor. In the same way, the B.B.C. sensibly insists that specialists (e.g. quiz masters) of any kind should be available for fees rather than on the permanent payroll, where they are all too apt to be entangled by inter-departmental tussles for their services.

Had To Fend For Himself

But I could not help being worried (as I still am) by the loss of permanent regular employment and the possibility of a pension. I have managed to survive, but there is always the horrible feeling that one of these days someone will have had enough, and that will be that. Nothing is shorter than the public memory, and nothing more fleeting than the phoney inflated reputations of radio.

The problems of freelancing, not always immediately apparent, soon became so. In the first place, on leaving the staff, I missed the services of a secretary. Then, as I found myself struggling to cope with engagements, correspondence and travel arrangements from the limited confinement of a small flat in one of London's outer suburbs, I began to realize just how indispensable those unobtrusively offered, casually accepted B.B.C. services really are.

Each time I lifted the telephone in my flat to ring Belfast or Glasgow or merely a B.B.C. colleague in London I realized that I had to pay for the call myself. Each time I sat down to write a letter (and there were hundreds to deal with) I missed the supplies of envelopes, notepaper, pens, ink, typewriter ribbons, erasers, rulers and the rest which an indulgent organization would conjure up for me even before I had run out of existing stock.

To the common exasperations of present-day travel, eating and living, was added this spectre of having to do my own office work and finance it all from my own pocket. This meant only one thing: I would have to work harder than ever before, accept all offers, tackle any reasonably well-paid job, in order to keep the one-man firm of Gilbert Harding solvent and the tax collectors happy.

Still, I had made a good start with the weekly quiz programme and now I was beginning to hear of other likely broadcasting jobs. The best of these came my way shortly after *Round Britain Quiz* was launched. The B.B.C. wanted a question master for a revived series of the *Brains Trust*, and I was given the job.

Turned Up With Black Eyes

I enjoyed every moment of this, even though the first time I reported as question master I arrived at the studio with two black eyes and a split lip. A day or two before the broadcast, thinking I could run faster than a bus, I seized the rail as it was moving from a stop. At that moment the driver chose to accelerate and, losing balance, I felt my face hit the footboard and I was then dragged along for a hundred yards until the conductor stopped the bus.

Cyril Joad, Bertrand Russell, Lord Samuel and other distinguished "brains" were most sympathetic when we met for dinner before the broadcast. I found their company most stimulating, and within a few minutes we were all in happy disagreement with each other, and such mundane a matter as a damaged face was forgotten as we played conversational ping-pong with the eternal verities.

As Joad often used to say, if only we could

Continued on page 25

Told for the first time

SECRET BATTLES OF THE

DETECTIVES IN KHAKI

An army detective finds hidden arms

The amazing history of the army's Scotland Yard

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

In the teeming bazaars and alleyways of the Middle East in 1940, army deserters worked hand in glove with local gangs. They specialized in gun-running, drug smuggling, and thefts on a gigantic scale.

The men of the army's newly formed Special Investigation Branch were called in. When they arrived, they found one of the toughest problems that ever faced a police force. Undaunted, they began to clean up the Middle East.

At point-blank range, C.S.M. Wright fought a desperate gun duel with a deserter who resisted arrest. Bob Aspinall worked side by side with a deserter in the sinister crime haunts of Alexandria, constantly expecting to be betrayed. David Page posed as the dupe of a dangerous gang, filling his lorry with smuggled hashish at a desert rendezvous—and delivering it to police H.Q.

JOHN BULL asked Norman Phillips to record the incredible experiences of these men and their colleagues. Travelling all over Britain to track them down, he wrote their real-life adventures as they related them in their own words. His thrilling account appears exclusively in JOHN BULL, in advance of book publication.

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HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was an appalling dilemma. If he stopped to save the prince, the Spanish frigate would overtake them. If he didn't, the King's nephew would drown . . .

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER and his ship, the little sloop Atropos, were trapped—bottled up in a tiny bay on the Turkish coast. They were outnumbered by a garrison on shore, and outgunned at sea by the Mejidieh, a huge Turkish warship.

But not a shot had been fired—yet. For Hornblower had something the Turks wanted: a vast treasure of gold and silver, salvaged from the wreck of a British ship.

For once, Hornblower was utterly baffled. Only yesterday he had been gloating over his luck. He had held together a motley crew which included a German princeling, Ernst of Seitz-Bunau, and his quarrelsome chamberlain, Dr. Eisenbeiss; McCullum, his surly Scots wreck-master; and Turner, an elderly sailing-master. He had raised the best part of a quarter of a million pounds from the sea. And he had handled the mudir, the local headman, with consummate skill—so he thought.

The old scoundrel! He had fooled Hornblower completely. And now he had surrounded the Atropos and come aboard to make his own terms. Hornblower was tempted to pitch the treasure overboard rather than let the Turks get it. With what dignity he could muster, he said he would think it over.

The mudir's reply was cold, unruffled. He said he would come back for the money—tomorrow.

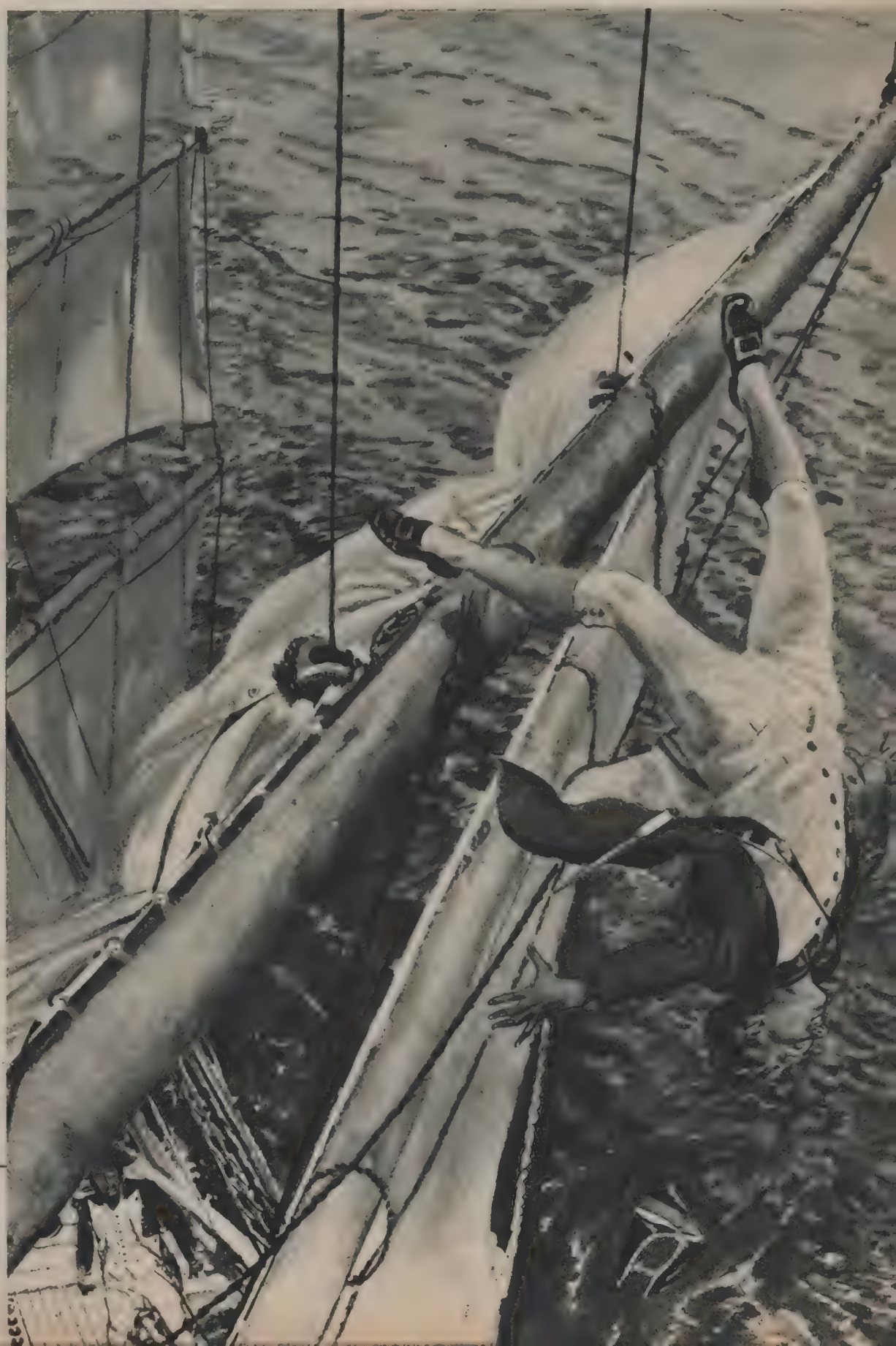
PART 7

Cat And Mouse

TOMORROW, the mudir had said. But, Hornblower thought, there was no trusting the Turks. That might be one more move to lull the Atropos into security. She might be rushed in the night. The Mejidieh, over there, could put into her boats more men than Atropos could boast altogether, and they could be supplemented with soldiers crammed into fishing boats from the shore. If she were attacked by twenty boats at once, from all sides, by a thousand Moslem fanatics, what could she do to defend herself?

It was a novel experience to be the mouse instead of the cat, to be on the defensive instead of the offensive, to wait anxiously for the moon to rise instead of hurrying to the attack while darkness endured. It might be counted as a lesson for the future, to know how the waiting victim thought and felt.

That was one more proof of the levity and inconstancy of his mind, said Hornblower to himself, bitterness and despair returning in



With arms spreadeagled, the young prince toppled off the yardarm. Hornblower, watching from the deck, saw him plunge head first into the sea

Down in his cabin, Hornblower stooped over his chart. But his eyes were not on it: he knew it by heart. A plan was forming in his mind—a plan to save Atropos. Lord, but he must hurry!

overwhelming force. Here he was thinking about the future, about some other command he might hold, when there was no future. No future. Tomorrow would see the end.

He did not know for certain yet what he would do; vaguely in his mind he had the plan that at dawn he would empty the ship of her crew—non-swimmers in the boats, swimmers sent to seek refuge in the Mejidieh—while he went down below to the magazine, with a loaded pistol, to blow the ship and the treasure, himself with his dead ambitions, his love for his children and his wife, to blow it all to fragments.

But would that be better than bargaining? Would it be better than returning not only with Atropos intact but with whatever further treasure McCullum could retrieve? It was his duty to save his ship if he could, and he could. Seventy thousand pounds was far less than a quarter of a million, but it would be a godsend to an England at her wits' end for gold.

All the same, he was convulsed with anguish. This deep, dark sorrow which was rending him was something beyond his control. He looked across at the dark shape of the Mejidieh and sorrow was joined to an intense hatred, like some ugly pattern of red and black before his mind's eye.

The vague shape of the Mejidieh was drawing back abaft the Atropos's quarter—the soft night wind was backing round, as might be expected at this hour, and swinging the ships at their anchors.

Overhead now there were stars, here and there obscured by patches of cloud whose presence could just be guessed at, moving very slowly over the zenith. And over there, beyond the Mejidieh, the sky was a trifle paler; the moon must be rising above the horizon beyond the mountains. The loveliest night imaginable with the gentle breeze—this gentle breeze! Hornblower glowered round in the darkness as if he feared someone might prematurely guess the thought that was forming in his mind.

"I am going below for a few minutes, Mr. Jones," he said, softly.

"Aye aye, sir."

Turner, of course, had been talking. He had told the wardroom all about the quandary in which their captain found himself. One could hear curiosity in the tone of even those three words of Jones's.

Down in the cabin the two candles he sent for lit the whole little space, save for a solid shadow here and there. But the chart that he laid out between them was brightly illuminated. He stooped over it, peering at the tiny figures that marked the soundings. He knew them already, as soon as he came to think about them; there was really no need to refresh his memory. Red Cliff Point, Passage Island, Kaia Rock; Point Sari beyond Kaia Rock—he knew them all. He could weather Kaia Rock with this breeze if it should hold. Lord, there was need for haste! He blew out the candles and felt his way out of the cabin.

"Mr. Jones! I want two reliable bos'n's mates. Quietly, if you please."

That breeze was still blowing, ever so gently, a little more fitful than might be desired, and the moon had not cleared the mountains yet.

"Now, you two, pay attention. Go quietly round the ship and see that every man is awake. Not a sound—you hear me? Topmen are to assemble silently at the foot of the masts. Silently."

"Aye aye, sir," was the whispered reply.

"Carry on. Now, Mr. Jones——"

The gentle patter of bare feet on the deck as the men assembled acted as accompaniment to the whispered orders Hornblower was giving to Jones. Over there was the vast bulk of the Mejidieh; two thousand ears which might catch the slightest unusual noise—an axe being laid ready on the deck, for instance, or capstan bars being gently eased into their sockets. The boatswain came aft again to rejoin the little group of officers round Hornblower and to make his report in a whisper that accorded ill with his bulk and power.

"The capstan pawl's thrown out, sir."

"Very good. Yours is the first move. Go back, count a hundred, and take up on the spring. Six turns, and hold it. Understand?"

"Aye aye, sir."

"Then off you go. You others are clear about your duties? Mr. Carslake, with the axe at the cable. I'll attend to the axe at the spring. Mr. Smiley, fore tops'l sheets. Mr. Hunt, main tops'l sheets. Go to your stations."

The little ship lay there quietly. A tiny rim of the moon came up over the mountains, and broadened momentarily, revealing her lying peacefully at anchor. She seemed inert, incapable of action. Silent men had swarmed up the rigging and were waiting for the signal. There was a gentle creaking as the spring to the cable tightened, but there was no clank from the capstan, for the pawl had been thrown out from the ratchet; the men at the capstan bars walked silently round, and when their six turns had been completed they stood, breasts against the bars, feet braced on the deck, holding the ship steady.

Under the pull of the spring she lay at an angle to the breeze, so that when sail should be set not a moment would be wasted gathering stern way and paying off. She would be under command at once.

The moon had cleared the mountains; the seconds went slowly by.

Ting-ting went the ship's bell—two bells; the signal.

Feet pattered in unison. Sheaves squealed in blocks, but even as the ear caught that sound topsail yards and forestay had blossomed into sail. Forward and aft came brief sullen thumpings as axe blades cut through cable and spring—with the sudden end of the resistance of the spring the capstan spun round, precipitating the men at the bars to the deck. There were bruises and grazes, but nobody paid attention to the injuries; Atropos was under way.

In five seconds, without giving any warning, she had transformed herself from something stationary and inert to a living thing, gliding through the water towards the entrance to the bay. She was clear of the peril of the Mejidieh's broadside, for the Mejidieh had no spring on her cable to swing her round. She would have to weigh her anchor, or cut or slip her cable; she would have to set sail enough to give her steerage way, and then she would have to yaw round before she could fire. With an alert crew, it would be several minutes before she could turn her broadside upon Atropos, and then it would be at a range of half a mile or more.

As it was, Atropos had gathered speed, and was already more than clear before Mejidieh gave her first sign of life. The deep booming of a drum came sounding over the water; not the high-pitched rattle of the Atropos's side-drum, but the far deeper and slower tone of a bass drum monotonously beaten.

"Mr. Jones!" said Hornblower. "Rig in those boarding nettings, if you please."

The moon was shining brightly, lighting the water ahead of them.

"Starboard a point," said Hornblower to the helmsman.

"Starboard a point," came the automatic reply.

"You're taking the west pass, sir?" asked Turner.

As sailing master and navigator, his station in action was on the quarter-deck beside his captain, and the question he asked was strictly within his province.

"I don't think so," said Hornblower.

The booming of the Mejidieh's drum was still audible; if the sound reached the batteries the guns' crews there would be on the alert. And

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AMAZON HEADHUNTERS (5) *by LEWIS COTLOW*

I become a blood-brother of the Redskins

When Alejandro decided to make me his tribal blood-brother, I felt honoured. But I did not bargain on being stripped—and dyed from head to foot in brilliant red

WITH A NEW YORK CAMERAMAN named Jules Bucher, I set out on my third and last expedition to the land of Jivaro headhunters in the summer of 1949. But before starting on our trek into headhunter territory, I decided to study and film some of the other tribes of Ecuador.

Although North American Indians are called redskins, there is only one tribe of truly red men in the Americas. And since red shows up brilliantly in colour film, I planned to make another visit to natives of Los Colorados, whom I had met briefly on my previous expedition in 1945.

I looked forward to the short trip. A road had been completed from Quito to the village of Santo Domingo de los Colorados, only six or eight miles from the Indians' jungle homes. I wondered if this near-penetration of civilization had spoiled the Colorados, as it had so many other primitive tribes. I hoped not, for they were a fine people, peaceful, kind and honest. Even on a brief visit in 1945 I had made some good friends. Was Alejandro, I wondered, still the *shaman* (chief) of the group? He must be getting pretty old.

I called on a photographer who had accompanied me on my first trip to the Colorados. Bodoworth was a German who had settled in Quito many years before and set up a photographic shop. He had courage and imagination and I hoped he would join me on my third Jivaro trip. I had Bucher, of course, but with three of us handling cameras, we should get everything I wanted. Bodoworth agreed to go along when I started for the headhunters' country later.

I bought some gifts for the Indians, hired an old car with a young driver, and started out with Bucher, camera, gifts and blankets. The road, after leaving Quito, looked little better than it had years before—just a wide dirt trail strewn with fallen rocks. Although we were heading for the western slopes of the Andes, towards the Pacific, we started by climbing, for Quito lies on a high plateau between two towering ridges of the Cordilleras. We laboured up the western ridge, the driver taking the hairpin turns with a casual abandon that I had to admire no matter how concerned I was.

"You know," I said to Bucher, looking away from a drop of a thousand feet under the outer inch of our left rear wheel, "it's not the savage tribes or wild animals or even anacondas that bother me on these trips. It's the highly civilized way of getting to them. I usually decide to stop being an explorer when I'm in

Lewis Cotlow (second from right) is congratulated by Alejandro after the chief had initiated him into the Colorado tribe. For the ceremony, the explorer's body was dyed in red with black stripes. Then his hair was matted with dye, lopped short round a bowl—and capped with a cotton halo

an aeroplane or a car." Bucher swallowed hard. The driver half turned his head, took one arm from the wheel, and swept it in a wide arc. "Pretty scenery, no?" he sang out cheerfully.

I don't know. I wasn't looking. I liked the snail's pace at which we groaned our way over the crest, but not the roller-coaster speed of our descent on the other side. The road dropped down and down, thousands of feet, and we left the bleak uplands behind us. Below I saw a fringe of green growth and knew that there the road had ended in years past.

We sailed right into the green patch. At first there was just grass, low bushes and stunted trees. But as we dropped down farther the vegetation became thicker, the air warmer and damper. At one level stretch we floundered through a sea of mud. A mile farther along we skirted another precipice. Then we rattled across a lurching bridge over a narrow gorge in which tumbling waters roared. With screeching brakes, we finally jolted to a stop in the drab little village of Santo Domingo de los Colorados.

The village is a cluster of grass-thatched adobe houses, a church and a small government building around a little square. There is a small hospital maintained by the government to give free medical treatment to the inhabitants of the region. On rare occasions one of the Colorado Indians may come there, but it is used chiefly by the *mestizos* of the town and the nearby farms. The Indians still prefer their own medicine men.

Clouds Of Coloured Butterflies

Before turning in I made arrangements for a guide and horses for the next morning. We got an early start, in spite of the light rain. It drizzles every morning until about eleven o'clock, but no one lets it get in his way. Ten minutes from the village we were in the jungle.

Against the massed background of green I could pick out wild papaya trees, *cascarilla roja*, balsa, rubber and the royal palm, whose hard wood makes it the iron and steel industry of the Colorados. It is a lovely tree, too, stately and graceful. We passed through occasional half-clearings, in which there was almost no thick underbrush, and here the royal palms with their well-formed branches made the spot look like a well-tended park. In two of these clearings we rode through clouds of many-coloured butterflies seeking the shafts of brilliant sunlight that pierced the foliage as the rains stopped. We did not see a single wild animal on this short trip. South America is the poor relation of the continents when it comes to animal life.

I knew that we must be getting near the first dwellings of the Colorados when we passed an abandoned house. It was in a choice spot, with the features demanded by Indian tribes everywhere—a small, clear stream nearby, a rising knoll. There had once been a good-sized clearing there, several acres around the old house, but thick, green growth had almost obliterated it. The house itself could barely be seen, for it had started to collapse, and the thatching hung from the roof poles like ragged and moth-eaten tatters of grey cloth. The place must have been abandoned quite a few years before, since the palm thatching usually lasts as long as eight or ten years.

Superstition Is Their Religion

Did enemies drive this Colorado family away from its home? No, for they have no enemies, strange as that may seem to civilized and cultured people. They do not fight and no one fights them. Nor were they driven away by superstition. That is what we call it because we did not believe in it. They call it religion. Superstition is often just somebody else's religion.

The Colorados believe, like most primitive peoples, that the world is filled with evil spirits and good spirits, but they are quite different in many ways from the *inguanchis* of the Jivaros. The spirit of sickness and death had claimed this abandoned house years before, staking out its claim by killing a member of the family. The rest of the family did not stay to contest the claim. They moved, and at considerable cost and great loss. They had to find a new knoll by another stream, clear away the thick jungle, build a new house and clear new fields for planting.

This belief probably had its origin in sound medical observation. If the sickness from which the dead one suffered was caused by a germ, others would catch the disease, too, by staying in the same home. The Indians did not know about germs, of course, but they knew that often, after one death, other people came down with the same sickness. They do not bother to distinguish between causes of death that are "catching" and those that are not. They just clear out and leave the house to the spirit of sickness and death. Invisible microbes make efficient spirits.

Fifteen minutes beyond the abandoned house brought us to that always dramatic moment—the first meeting with savages. Sometimes it is dangerous, sometimes friendly—but always exciting. Here were friendly Indians I had visited before, but I still caught my breath when three well-built young Colorados turned a bend in the trail ahead of us. They froze in

The party on the clanhouse veranda. Music was played on the marimba—a xylophone style instrument with a two-octave scale. Colorados got the idea for the instrument from Negro slaves

Four Colorado children take a puff at their first cigarette—and the results are mixed.

their tracks and stared at us, dignified, relaxed and tense at the same time. We stopped, too, of course, and I raised my hands in the gesture that means no weapons, that I came as a friend.

The three men were of fair height for Indians—about five feet five inches. They were sturdy and strong, with especially muscular legs. And every inch of skin glowed with bright red, as red as a woman's lipstick, accentuated by a few narrow zebra stripes in black across the face and chest. The red coating of their bodies covered legs, hands, chest, face—and even hair. The hair actually looked more like some strange hat or cap of stiff straw, for the dye was plastered into it so thickly that it became rigid. Then it was combed forward over the forehead like the visor of a cap, and cut straight across in a jutting set of bangs. One of the reasons some of the Colorados look so haughty and dignified is that they must hold their heads very erect, even tipped back a bit, to see from under the red visor of hair.

No Need To Go Hunting

One of the men carried an old-fashioned shotgun. He probably, like the Jivaros, had no ammunition, but loved his gun just the same. Even when they have ammunition, the Colorados are poor hunters. For one thing, there isn't much to hunt, so they get little practice. There is not much incentive to hunt, either, for they get plenty of food from plants and from fishing.

The other two men carried machetes, and all wore the Colorado costume, so unvarying as to be almost a uniform—a short wrap-round skirt made of almost-white cloth with alternating blue and red stripes. Two of the men had red sashes around their waists.

They all wore what looked like small, limp halters around the neck—a sort of diminutive poncho that slips over the head, not big enough

The boys, says Cotlow, puffed away seriously—and one spat out the juice like an old hand. The little girl sitting at his side took one puff, turned pale, and then retired quickly behind the house

When Cotlow stripped for the initiation, this lad decided to show off in his hat and boots

to cover even the upper part of the chest. A narrow circular halo of once-white cotton fibres on top of the head, bracelets that looked like silver but were really iron washed with silver, and a small wooden plug right in the middle of the nose—these completed the costumes of our friends.

I *hoped* they were our friends. But you can never be entirely sure, even with a non-hostile tribe like the Colorados. They may not kill you, but they may not welcome you, either. They are not mixers. If they had been they could never have maintained their free spirits and independence and ancient way of life so close to civilization. Of course, there aren't many of them left—only a few thousand of a tribe that once covered much of Ecuador.

A Card Up His Sleeve

On my earlier visit it had taken some hours to break down their dignified reserve, and it had then been so late that I got only a few good pictures. I had headed for the same group this time, hoping that they might remember me despite the passage of four years and welcome me right away. I had in one pocket something that I hoped would do the trick.

I dismounted and reached in another pocket to pull out three small mirrors and some fish hooks. These I held out to the Indians, who advanced slowly, looking at the things in my hand. Meanwhile, our guide talked to them in their tongue, but they appeared to disregard him completely. Our actions rather than his words would determine their attitude. And the gifts I held out represented actions.

The three Colorados took the gifts happily, chatted briefly to each other, smiled tentatively. Then I felt sure that I recognized one of them. I reached into my breast pocket and took out the envelope of photographs that I hoped would bring out the velvet carpet of welcome. The three Indians gathered around me, hoping for more gifts. I selected a good shot of two Indians playing the marimba and held it out.

The man recognized himself at once. His eyes widened under his stiff red bangs, and his lips broke open wide in a smile that revealed every one of his *empo*-blackened teeth. He pointed to himself, telling his friends to look. They exclaimed and smiled.

Came To Join The Fun

Then the man of the picture turned and stared hard at me. I took off my hat so he could get a better look, and he recognized me. No words were needed to tell me that, although he and his friends and the guide were all talking at once. He gestured that he would run ahead to notify the people, while the other two would guide us the rest of the way. He kept the picture in his hand—my passport and letter of introduction—and set off at a trot.

We came to the first fields in about ten minutes. They were small clearings hewn out of the jungle by the machete and planted with banana, yuca, yams, maize, pineapples and chonta palms, which supply not only hard wood but succulent palm cabbage. A few men and women, working in the fields, turned to stare at us as we passed. A few decided they should join in the fun and started walking across the fields towards home. Men and women of the Colorados both share in the agricultural labours and in carrying burdens, probably because it is not necessary for the men to be ready to ward off attack.

We forded a shallow brook and headed up a gentle slope, so I knew we were coming to the big house and the clearing. Just as I saw the glare of light that meant an opening in the jungle ahead, a group of glowing red figures came towards us along the path. I saw my friend of the picture, and with him Alejandro himself, the *shaman*. The old chief had thrown a kind of toga over his shoulders for the occasion and walked with great dignity, followed by eight or nine other men and as many children ranging from three to twelve years of age.

On my previous visit I had heard that Alejandro was more than sixty years old. Now surely he was close to seventy, but he didn't look any older than when I had seen him last, and then he had seemed about fifty. Perhaps his hair had turned grey, but how would anyone know under its coating of thick red paste? His stocky body was just as strong and trim, in a barrel-chested fashion, as a young man's.

I stopped my horse but before I could dismount, Alejandro was beside me holding out his hand and smiling broadly. We clasped hands and spoke greetings, and it was obvious that he was glad to see me. The warmth of his welcome touched me deeply.

Saw Themselves In Print

When we dismounted in the clearing, Alejandro and I exchanged shoulder hugs and more arm-waving gestures of friendship. I produced the pictures and gave him one of himself standing beside me. Then I showed the *pièce de résistance*: a copy of *Life* magazine with a few pictures I had taken of the Colorados on my 1945 trip.

The men were delighted and wanted to keep the magazine, but I had to take it back. I had only one copy, and there were pictures of Jivaros there, too. In view of the value of this magazine later, I was eternally grateful that I did not give in to my impulses to let Alejandro keep it.

I took out scissors, mirrors and more fish hooks and handed some to Alejandro and the other men who gathered round. In five minutes

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Freddy held out his arm, proud and exultant. The white gyrfalcon glided down, its enormous talons out-thrust, wings backstroking furiously

Time of awakening

by ***CHARLTON OGBURN***

He was a shy, dreamy boy and the great white bird filled his whole life. He had no time now for other things — girls least of all

IT WAS EARLY IN MARCH, and all day a north-east wind had blown. With nightfall it increased in force, and its voice as it struck the outermost houses of the village rose even above the crash and hissing of the seas it had raised, which broke on the beach not far away.

In one of these houses on the seaward side of the village the last light had gone out, but there was still a faint glow in the heart of each drop of rain that the wind drove across the panes of an upstairs window.

The glow came from a torch: a boy was reading in bed. Up from the pages of his book there came a scene very different from that outside the house. . . . Before his eyes there shimmered a vast savannah land, lifting towards the range of blue mountains. In this landscape there was no darkness at all, and the only shade lay thin and uncertain beneath the scattered, flat-topped thorn trees.

A harder gust of wind rattled the window, and the boy looked up.

The boy was called Freddy, and he lay and listened to the voice of the sea that led to all the lands of the world. He turned off the torch. Through the varied tones of the wind he imagined that he heard the howl of a wolf. That was his sign. Wolves were made to howl for him, to mark him as one destined for the wilderness. He heard them frequently before going to sleep.

When he grew up he would follow the great grey timber wolf. The endless solitudes of the fir forests would be his home. The wolverine and the marten would be his companions of the trail. His only name would be an Indian name, Mung-gung-ga, He-Who-Runs-Alone. He had read that in a book.

He dreamed that the rain had turned to snow during the night. When he awoke he found it had done so. He hurried through his breakfast, afraid that his mother would keep him in the house.

It had suddenly come to him that a wind blowing hard for twenty-four hours might bring with it some of the Arctic sea birds. He could almost see them there on the beach.

He escaped from the house with his binoculars hidden under his coat. He had bought them from a boy whose brother had brought them home from the war. A whole year's spending money—but it was worth the sacrifice.

The great expanse of sea, even now when he should have grown used to it, still took him by surprise when it burst upon him. The salty, fishy smell of the mud flats filled his lungs, the rasping of the stiff grass of the dunes was in his ears, and he saw, moving just above the edge of the ocean, like a strand of black beads mysteriously holding its shape as it sped in the teeth of the wind, a flock of scoters.

Freddy walked down the empty beach. He could see that during the night the waves had reached high-water mark, which was traced by a line of dead reeds, kelp and wrack.

AND then he saw it. A white object, like the end of a post, on top of one of the dunes. It seemed to move and he turned and walked towards it—after a few paces with sudden weariness. The object was a bird.

Freddy moved slowly forward, his movements as imperceptible as he could make them. He stopped when the bird crouched and spread its wings, expecting then to see it flee. Then he saw that it could not. The wing quills, especially those on one wing, stuck out at crazy angles; those that were not missing were broken.

The binoculars brought the bird within a few yards. Freddy stared and was scarcely able to

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

see for the way his hands shook. In his excitement he forgot, for the moment, to breathe.

The bird had lowered its head and was regarding him with black eyes that gazed straight ahead. But for a small amount of black streaking, it was almost pure white. Its talons were buried in the sand.

"Oh, gosh; oh, gosh," Freddy moaned softly to himself. It was a sign. It was a miracle. Of all birds, there was none to compare with this one. He had dreamed of seeing it, but only at the end of the grey wolf's trail, where the forests run out. The name itself was magic: gyrfalcon. "White gyrfalcon," he repeated to himself gingerly, as if he were handling a treasure that was fragile.

He saw what must have happened. A hundred feet away, back behind the dunes, a line of telephone poles carried a skein of wires parallel to the beach. The falcon must have struck them full force. Then, disabled upon the ground, it must have hobbled to the highest elevation it could reach, the dune from which it now peered down.

The bird stood motionless as the boy stepped slowly forward. Only when he had climbed halfway up the dune and the two stood eye to eye did the falcon show alarm. It partly spread its disabled wings, opened its hooked beak in silence and, bracing itself on its tail, raised one talon menacingly. Both beak and talons were pale blue-grey. The boy, in an ecstasy of awe and suspense, began to murmur to the great white creature.

"Don't be wild," he implored, "don't be wild!" There came to his mind the greeting given to snakes in *The Jungle Book*, and it seemed appropriate: "We be of one blood, thou and I. . . . Gyrfalcon, gyrfalcon, you will die here if you cannot fly. I can feed you and keep you until you can fly again. That is why I came here. I dreamed it had snowed, and it had snowed, and—and I followed the call, and came here."

The falcon after a time lowered its talon. It was clearly aware of its inability to escape. Its dark eyes beneath the straight line of its protruding brows were intense.

With infinite deliberateness, the boy moved his forearm towards the bird, advancing it until finally it touched the bird's legs. The falcon drew itself up, as if inexpressibly shocked, and stared fixedly down with its beak against its breast feathers. As the pressure against its legs increased, it raised one talon and placed it on the boy's arm. In another moment it had shifted its weight to that leg and drawn the other up behind it.

The bird was heavy—it was almost two feet from beak to tail tip—but the boy hardly noticed, except for the first moment, when it threatened to throw him off balance as he backed down the dune.

Had the Great Spirit itself stepped down from behind the clouds and named him king of the land and seas and lord of the upper air he would have felt just as he felt now.

On the way home he talked to himself aloud, studiously. "A gyrfalcon. . . . Its range is circumpolar. It has a wing spread of four feet and its speed is greater than that of any other living creature. It is even faster than the peregrine. . . ."

And then, more personally, "I talked to you, I talked to you and you understood what I said. You have been sent to me, as my guide."

The bird stood on his forearm, talons gripping hard. It seemed to gaze through the boy to far horizons.

Freddy saw his father getting out of the car

The girl said, "I'm giving a party on Saturday." "Are you?" Freddy replied, his voice rough and unfriendly. "I'd like you to come," she told him

as he opened the gate. "What's that—an eagle!" his father called. Then his eyes narrowed. "Oh, no, you're not," he declared. "You're not bringing that eagle in this house. You're not keeping him anywhere around here!"

At the look in Freddy's eyes, which had gone as wild and merciless as the falcon's, he paused defensively.

"Margaret," he called. "Come out here!"

Freddy's mother surveyed the scene from the kitchen door. "We'll get nothing at all out of him now," she observed at length. "We're lucky we don't live in Africa, and have him bringing a sick lion home with him."

The boy eased the gyrfalcon on to a woodpile in the back yard, discovering then how tired his arm was. He decided upon an old sawhorse as a perch and quickly, before he could be stopped, ripped up an old leather jerkin for padding.

In the midst of this there was a sudden scuffling and a snarling scream. He wheeled round to see the gyrfalcon picking itself up off the ground and the cat streaking across the yard to cower beneath the porch. But the gyrfalcon was uninjured. In one mighty movement, it leaped to the top of the woodpile, and began to preen its broken wing quills.

He could guess what had happened. The tomcat had sprung upon the falcon, which had jumped or been knocked from its perch. Unable to fly, it had done what the boy had seen nestling kestrels do; it had turned upon its back with its talons raised.

The tomcat never emerged from under the porch. It was dead when brought forth several hours later, its ribs laid bare by gashes that ran the length of its belly.

"It was the cat that started it! It was the cat that started it!" Freddy cried over and over.

All the same, the gyrfalcon was branded as a dangerous animal. Freddy's parents agreed, under pressure, that it could be kept in the old, disused, chicken coop; but it must not be let out. And, for the time being, he had to be satisfied.

YET within a few days the sawhorse was brought up to Freddy's room while the rest of the family was away. The newspapers he placed under the sawhorse made the bird nervous because they flapped when it beat its wings and he replaced them with sawdust, laying a pair of two-by-fours across a corner of the room to confine it.

The falcon was allowed by the parents to remain in the house because the energy required to oppose successfully a really determined young boy is more than almost any issue is worth. Moreover, it was better to have the hawk in the house than to have Freddy catching pneumonia by spending all his time in the damp, cold chicken coop. In any case, they thought, Freddy wouldn't stay interested in the creature for long. . . .

In that, they were wrong. Every day he hurried home from school to take the gyrfalcon out on his arm for an airing along the beach. To sustain its weight he had made a sort of crutch in which his arm rested. So tall did the falcon stand that its head was on a level with his own.

The closeness of that concentrated vision, of the iron-muscled body, made him tingle. When at times the falcon's shoulder or head touched his cheek, he felt as a lover feels at a caress from the beloved. His heart was swollen with feeling for the great white bird that in its wildness unaccountably accepted him. He discovered that he could even pass his hand down its broad back without alarming it. His mother's anxiety lest those curved claws turned against him as they had against the cat made no impression upon him.

In the morning he was up at dawn to cover the line of spring traps he set for rats. Sometimes he caught house sparrows and starlings in the yard. It was not much of a problem to keep the big bird fed, for in addition to the pests he was able to trap, the boys of the village were constantly bringing him dead squirrels and rabbits they had picked up on the road.

THE white eagle, as they called it, had made a stir in the village. The report of the slaughter of the cat had instantly given the falcon a standing.

Who had ever heard of a bird that would kill a cat?

The falcon looked through his many visitors, or over their heads. Its constant expression was that of a monarch startled by news of great portent, in the instant before he has had time to consider its full significance. And in a curious way, those who stood looking at it felt uneasy.

The boy lived for the long walks he took with the bird. It was as if his charge endowed him with supernatural powers and enjoined upon him a mission he must carry forward if necessary at the risk of his life.

The falcon on these walks always turned to face the wind; it disliked having its feathers blown the wrong way. When a strong buffet of wind struck, it would crouch with its body horizontal, and sometimes it would extend its wings a few inches from its flanks. Despite the damage to its pinions, Freddy could feel the wind lift part of the weight from his arm. It filled him with apprehension. With the season advancing, the time of the spring moult could not be far away.

He suspected that even with half its missing feathers replaced, the bird's prodigious wing power would enable it to fly without difficulty. How could he doubt that when that day came, it would be the last he would see of the gyrfalcon? Yet in his heart he could not believe it. He could not believe the bird would fly away without him.

He talked a great deal to the bird, sometimes aloud. "We'll travel all the seas, to forbidden countries," he promised. "We'll seek——" But he never knew how to find the words for exactly what it was they would be seeking.

At school, his teachers called him to task for inattentiveness. As for the other boys, he had not come to know them very well anyway, and they took it for granted that they should not see much of him after school hours because he had the white eagle to look after. They kept on bringing it dead rodents, and some of them were eager to take the bird on their arms. But at their close approach it grew uneasy.

Only one person would the falcon tolerate, and to that one person its exclusiveness added immeasurably to the spell it had cast over his life.

AND then the moult began. Stubs of the old feathers were dropped and the new feathers began to appear, a pair at a time on the wings.

Freddy watched the progress of the moult with trepidation. If the gyrfalcon flew away, he told himself there would be no use in anything any more.

The gyrfalcon was growing more restless. Repeatedly, grasping its perch with its talons, it would beat its still-ragged wings, and now it blew sawdust all over the room. The sawdust had to be replaced with corrugated cardboard, weighted down; but, from the way the bird had to hold itself down to its perch, Freddy could see that it could take to the air if it tried.

When they walked on the beach in the wind, the falcon seemed continually on the point of springing from its crouching position into flight. And one day it did so.

A piping plover had flown off from behind a tuft of marsh grass almost underfoot and, as if set off by a trigger, the falcon sprang forth after it, the thrust of its legs almost throwing Freddy off balance.

The plover darted off to the side, and the falcon flew on with labouring wings a hundred feet down the beach, landing on a fruit crate partly buried in the sand.

Freddy walked up to it, trying not to betray even by thought the fear that clutched at his vitals, that overpowered even his excitement at the spectacle of the big bird in flight. When the gyrfalcon stepped on to his lowered arm, his heart began to beat again. He had been given a reprieve.

Every day now the falcon made what seemed to be a trial flight, launching out down the beach on a low, level course and alighting some distance ahead. Always, with its nervous gravity, it resumed its perch on the boy's arm

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THE MAN FROM THE TURKISH SLAVE

by VICTOR CANNING

ON DECEMBER 5, JOHN BULL begins publication of a brilliant new novel of suspense by Victor Canning. It is called *The Man From The Turkish Slave*, and it has all the taut excitement that made his *Venetian Bird* and *The House Of The Seven Flies* so outstandingly popular.

It is the story of Peter Landers, a Merchant Navy officer, who takes on a job that may cost him his life: uncovering a network of criminals who are smuggling stolen jewellery into Brazil. He is "planted" on board the Turkish Slave, a disreputable cargo boat whose crew is in the racket. . . .

Victor Canning has brilliantly caught the atmosphere of a lazy, hot-blooded Latin-American country—and the ruthless violence under its easy-going surface. *The Man From The Turkish Slave* is a magnificently readable story. It begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL DECEMBER 5

George Young corners a football fortune

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Lucrative sidelines plus no-limit wages have made him Scotland's highest-paid footballer. When wealthy English clubs try to lure him south, he just laughs

AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT in an important Scottish league soccer match last season, the ball bounced into Glasgow Rangers' half of the field, and a Rangers defender leaped into the air to head it clear. He collided heavily with an opponent and both crashed to the ground.

Thirty yards away, a giant Scot playing at right back could not restrain himself. Setting his rock-like jaw, he strode towards the referee. "Look, ref," he shouted. "That was a foul."

Instantly, the referee stopped the game. "I know there's a foul," he said grimly. "But it's against you—because of your conduct."

The game went on after a free kick, and Rangers fans in the stands realized that George Young, their team captain, had challenged authority again—and lost.

"The big fellow," as fans call him, is a giant of Scottish soccer in more ways than one. He stands six feet two inches tall, and weighs thirteen and a half stone. Apart from his reputation for fireworks on and off the pitch, his friends know him as the busiest soccer star north of the Tweed.

Young also runs a weekly newspaper column, and manages his own hotel just outside Glasgow. He takes his three occupations seriously, and manages to combine them to his own profit. "Because I'm a footballer," he explains, "I get many football parties visiting my hotel. In turn, they provide me with plenty of gossip for my column."

Team Won Cup And League

His income from these three sources adds up to make him what one soccer official calls "the highest paid footballer in Scotland." Some estimates put his income at £3,000 a year—including money from a host of sidelines such as demonstrating, lecturing and personal appearances. Young himself evades the subject with a grin, but admits: "I seldom get home to use my television set."

Last year, he captained Scotland's team when it shared the international championship, and under him Rangers won both the Scottish cup and league competitions. He capitalizes this reputation by accepting payment for his services off the soccer field. "He has book publishing and advertising interests as well," says one of his friends. "It's difficult to keep track of them. He seems to push anything from cigarettes to football stockings." Strangely enough, coaching

Young (extreme right) leaps in a heading duel with Davies, of Newcastle United. An incident in last year's Wales v. Scotland game at Cardiff. Result—a 2—1 Scottish victory

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does not contribute to Young's earnings. Many English players earn pin-money at officially sponsored coaching sessions, but in Scotland coaching is only on a minor scale, in spite of valiant efforts by the Scottish Football Association to interest top-line players.

Yet Young will turn up at meetings and shows in aid of charity and benefit funds, when even his bare travelling expenses are not met. He is always ready to help his friends.

The secretary of a village soccer club in the remote Highlands recalls the time when he asked the star to a dance in aid of club funds. It was on a friendly basis, and there was no question of payment. Young travelled miles to be there, and everyone enjoyed the evening. The attendance, however, was small. The secretary explained ruefully: "I'd been let down before by players who couldn't attend at the last minute, so I didn't advertise George's appearance. As I hadn't offered to pay him, he wasn't bound by a contract. But I might have known he would turn up."

Young expects to be appreciated when he appears. Until recently, he accepted all invitations to the Rangers supporters' association gatherings. "It encourages the team's followers," was his argument. But that came to an end at one function, attended by 3,500 fans, when he was guest speaker at a presentation to another player.

Team-mates Rebelled

"My name appeared in very small type on the programme," he complains, "and although the organizers knew that my wife was there, there was no seat for her on the platform. It was humiliating, and I shall never go to any more of their meetings."

Although Young has figured in other disturbing incidents, there is usually a peaceful ending. Last season he launched a campaign for better rewards to players in the Coronation Cup. To his surprise, his Rangers team-mates announced that they were satisfied.

Believing that he no longer had the support of the team, Young promptly asked to be relieved of the captaincy. Rangers directors replied, in effect, that it was they who chose the captain, and that they would make a change when they thought fit. Young is still happily leading the Rangers.

On another occasion, the players forced their captain to act as emergency goalkeeper. A Rangers defender miskicked, and the team's goalkeeper, injured trying to save, was forced to retire from the game. "I told the culprit that I would make him take over in goal," recalls Young, "but the rest of the boys ganged up on me, and made me don the jersey instead."

Shouts On The Field

His friends sometimes suspect that George enjoys situations like this, and keeps an eye on entertaining the crowd. One referee says of him: "He does a lot of talking and shouting, and yells many instructions to the team. Sometimes he tries to do my job as well, but on the whole he's an easy player to control."

Referees sometimes find it difficult to tell whether Young's outbursts are genuine or are simply staged for the benefit of the gallery. At least once, he himself found it hard to tell the difference.

"I had just taken delivery of a new car," he says. "I drove it to the match and parked it outside the ground. When I had gone only a few steps, I heard a crash. Another car had run into it. My annoyance must still have been showing when the game began for, within two minutes, the referee had taken my name and awarded a penalty against me."

Rangers supporters will travel a hundred miles to see Young play, and other Scots clubs join in the worship when he leads Scotland's international team on to the field. One unknown man, though, was not a George Young fan: he stole Young's boots from the Rangers dressing-room, and forced their captain to play an uncomfortable match in a brand new pair.

Other footballers' views of Scotland's volatile player are summed up by Sean

Fallon, an Irish international, and a member of the Celtic team, Rangers' greatest rivals.

"He's impressive on and off the field," says Fallon. "He has the ideal temperament, and the fact that he was chosen as Scotland's captain speaks for itself. He always says what he thinks, but he's not domineering."

Fallon knows the consequences of encountering Young's huge form on the field. "I collided with him once and broke my nose," says the Irishman. "It felt as though I had run into a tree."

No Mistakes Next Time

In fact, one of the few people who have got the better of the giant is Tommy Lawton, the former England centre-forward. Lawton was at the height of his form in 1943, when Young first played in the Scottish international team, and Young—at centre-half—had the task of marking him. After fifteen minutes, the English player worried Young into miskicking, and a goal resulted. Before the Scot could recover, Lawton scored three in the next ten minutes.

After that, three years passed before Scotland's selectors gave Young his second chance. This time, he made no mistakes. There have been few since.

He admits that he is lucky to be a member of a club whose fame in Scotland is as great as Arsenal's in England, and scoffs at the idea of "emigrating" to an English team. South of the border, clubs may not pay any player more than £15 a week; in Scotland, there is theoretically no limit, and no club can surpass Rangers' ability to pay big money.

Last April, Rangers demonstrated in another way the value they place on their players. In preparation for the England *v.* Scotland match at Wembley, Young and a team-mate, Sammy Cox, were told by the Scottish F.A. to travel south with the rest of the international team several days before the match.

Rangers refused to let their two men go, claiming their services for an intervening league fixture. Such defiance was unheard of. But Rangers won their point—and the league match. The two players caught the next train to London.

Anti-Rangers football fans grumbled that no other club could have got away with it. George Young, for once, maintained a dignified silence. THE END

ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 13

broadcast the talk over the dinner table it might well provide more entertainment and enlightenment than the actual broadcast. The dinner—and a very good dinner it was, too—would always be given in the Director-General's dining room on the second floor of Broadcasting House. Afterwards, we would be given a stirrup cup in an ante-room. If other engagements did not call us away, the talk would continue here, and I now look back on those occasions with nostalgic delight.

As with *Round Britain Quiz*, I found *We Beg To Differ* fun largely because I enjoyed the fellowship of the panel. I have always adored Gladys Young and now I was finding it difficult to disagree with her sane, straightforward views.

It was easier to wrangle with those witty women, Joyce Grenfell and Charmian Innes. Mrs. Grenfell is one of those perfectly groomed, disarmingly outspoken products of the girl's public school movement, with a flair for putting people at their ease and then encouraging them to "tire the sun with talking." My ideal women, in fact.

Steps To Celebrity

Charmian Innes, then the bachelor girl of the team, used to turn up wearing the most fantastic hats, which were somehow dwarfed by her spectacular and picturesque conversational technique. Sometimes it seemed as if she was deliberately trying to shock everyone with her forthrightness, and I relished her high spirits and uninhibited gaiety.

The next step towards my becoming what is sometimes nauseatingly called a radio celebrity was taken in the early summer of 1950. When Stewart MacPherson left *Twenty Questions* to work in North America, I hoped that I might succeed him in the question master's chair. But I was disappointed. Kenneth Horne did it instead, and I must say he did it very well.

My chance came when Kenneth took a fortnight's holiday from the programme and I was employed on those two occasions as his locum. He very kindly sent me a telegram wishing me success, and his good wishes were justified, to the extent that when the programme started after a short break, and Kenneth was no longer available, I replaced him.

Unrehearsed Show

Twenty Questions is entirely unscripted and (except on rare occasions) unrecorded. Yet each week I receive letters from people who swear that the programme is as carefully rehearsed as one of Sir John Gielgud's major Shakespearean productions.

Since I never bother to reply to such tomfool letters I dare say that my silence has convinced them that they are right.

What actually happens is this. The team and I usually arrive about fifteen minutes before we are due to go on the air. Unless we are broadcasting from a theatre or drill hall, the transmission is from the Paris Cinema in Lower Regent Street, some two hundred yards from Piccadilly Circus.

By the time Anona Winn, Joy Adamson, Richard Dimbleby, Jack Train and Norman Hackforth have said "hallo" to each other, it is time to take our seats on the studio platform.

Norman, having been given his list of answers, hurries off to his soundproof cubicle in another part of the building and Mike Meehan, the producer, steps up on the platform and proceeds to warm up the studio audience by explaining the arrangements about applause, laughter and so on.

Then Dimbleby introduces the team, and Maggie Stratton, who comes in carrying the file of questions and two stopwatches. Finally I am introduced and Dimbleby dashes off to his seat with the team and I go to my seat beside Maggie.

Mike Meehan is by now seated at his producer's panel at the far end of the stage and, with about fifty seconds to go, I place the headphones over my ears to wait for zero hour—not without the usual, and by now almost friendly, sensation of being about to take off in an aircraft.

I have already written of the strain involved in making several broadcasts each week, year after year. Now I must turn to one of the less fortunate results of prolonged mental and physical pressure. It is something which I would prefer to forget, but having committed myself so far, I shall try to complete what I hope will be an honest record of my life. I refer to the night I lost my temper in the *Twenty Questions* programme.

A Terrible Muddle

I was perfectly sober that night. But I had had a frustrating, wearing day during which everything seemed to have gone wrong. Then I arrived late at the studio, a thing which rarely happens and, when it does, is always a source of extreme anxiety and nervous tension. With only thirty seconds to go I hurried across to the question master's table, ignoring the audience to whom I was being introduced.

Then one of those dreadful things that used to happen in the films of W. C. Fields happened to me. I got into a terrible muddle with the headphones. The cord became tangled and, try as I would, I somehow could not get it sorted out. I sighed and groaned and muttered—most men in my position would have been swearing aloud. Then, seeing the studio red light flicker to show that we were on the air, I tugged at the cord in a sort of split-second panic and dropped the headphones, causing such a clatter that listeners must have thought they had tuned in to a prize fight.

As a result, the announcer who, a few seconds earlier, had introduced the programme, cut us off, saying: "They do not seem to be quite ready for us in the *Twenty Questions* studio." A minute later, the headphones were untangled and the programme began.

One of the objects was "A peony." Jack Train guessed it fairly early. He shouted. "A peony . . . a peony!" But fate conspired against me. Handicapped by the headphones, I frequently have to request less noise from the studio audience in order to hear what is said in my ears. Jack's enthusiasm must have moved the audience to applause and I, in the general commotion, motioned them to remain silent and went on with the game.

Suspended By B.B.C.

The panel exhausted their twenty questions, and when I announced the object, Jack naturally protested that he had already guessed it. By this time I was in no mood for complaints and somewhat brusquely said: "Never mind, let's get on with the next question."

The programme limped on and, at the end, when I should have announced the result, I said with considerable acerbity: "I suppose I ought to let you know the score. If you've been listening you won't need it, and if you haven't you won't want it anyway!"

I make no other comment than to say that I was suspended from *Twenty Questions* for several months.

I had made several fugitive appearances upon the television screen. On one or two occasions I had joined Daphne Padell, Harold Warrender and Ted Kavanagh in a TV parlour game connected with the solving of crossword puzzles. But I had not made any marked impact in this medium.

Then, one day, Ronald Waldman, head of the B.B.C. Television Variety, told me he was considering a new parlour game which he thought might suit me. On the face of it, it didn't seem very exciting. It seemed awfully dreary to me to have four people trying to guess the job of the panel beaters—and perhaps it is.

But the transformation of *What's My Line?* from a sickly, puling infant to a strutting, strident problem child has surprised everyone, myself, perhaps, more than anyone!

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SAUCE

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Continued from page 19

we were a happy, chattering group, walking together towards the clanhouse, about thirty by fifteen feet in size. The front is not so much a room as a veranda. It is beneath the roof but it has no walls. Behind it is the enclosed portion of the house, with walls of split palm trees stuck in the ground and held close together with lianas.

Two women were quietly sweeping the already clean and hard-packed earth floor of the open veranda as we approached. They used small brooms made from a special shrub that is usually cultivated near the house.

The women melted away as we came near. They are shy, but they don't appear to be broken in spirit. They just aren't the social creatures the men are. Nor are they as vividly decorated. They cover only the face and neck and sometimes the breasts with red dye. On festive occasions they may plaster a small blob of red paste on the crown of the head, but they never cover the whole head. From the women you can see that the natural hair colour of the Indian is black, the skin a light coppery brown.

Banana Leaf Plates

We sat down on split balsa-log benches, fastened together with pegs of chonta palm. I was glad when Alejandro called to one of the women to bring food, for I was hungry. All cooking is done inside the closed room of the house, over a three-logged fire in the centre of the room; the smoke escapes just by finding its way between the cracks of palm thatching.

We were served outside, squatting around huge banana leaves that served as plates. There was banana, or plantain, cooked and mashed and reshaped like banana, that was delicious; boiled yuca and—special delicacy for the occasion—large palm weevils. I refused them politely but ate a bit of the monkey stew. I did not lick the common block of rock salt that the other men took up occasionally and stroked with their tongues with great relish.

After the meal my cigarettes brought pleasure to all. It was the cigarette, I believe, that finally made Alejandro decide on his next suggestion. I did not understand at first, but I knew that his talk and gestures conveyed great esteem and friendship.

I was beginning to comprehend that he considered me one of the family when my guide interrupted to tell me that Alejandro wished to make me a blood-brother of the Colorados. I was such a good friend. I had brought them gifts, I had given them pictures of themselves, and I had come back a second time for a peaceful visit. I was a Colorado in spirit. I must become one in fact.

Occasion For A Party

I protested as politely as I could. That was too much, I was not worthy, and so on. I was gratified, but in truth I didn't know exactly what I would have to go through to become a blood-brother. It was not a trivial rite offered to any casual visitor.

Then, as Alejandro continued to insist, I realized that, whatever it might be, it might make a good picture. So I agreed to become a blood-brother if Bucher could take motion pictures of the whole thing.

Of course he could! Pictures were wonderful to have. And maybe some time on a later visit I would give them pictures of this visit. So went Alejandro. He even went further. He said that a festival should be made of this occasion, and sent some of the young men running to other houses in the neighbourhood to tell everyone to come to a party.

For a party there had to be *malakachisa*, the Colorados' beer—rather like the Jivaros' *nijimanche*. There is a difference, however, in the addition of sugar-cane sap to the masticated yuca, giving it an apple-ciderish flavour. And I noted another difference: the Colorado women do not spew the chewed mass of yuca into a pot in an astonishing stream, but take it daintily with their fingers and place it on a huge leaf. It is prettier to watch.

We drank *malakachisa* from large gourds, but after the first sip, Bucher got busy setting up both cameras. I was so busy being the honoured guest that I could pay no attention to photography.

Friends from neighbouring families began to troop in, expectant looks on their faces. I had no more gifts, but they were content with the *malakachisa* and my cigarettes, of which I had plenty.

One of the men gave half a packet of cigarettes to a group of little children who hung around the fringes of the party, wide-eyed and delighted at the sight of so much gaiety. They eagerly lighted up, four boys ranging in age from about five to ten, and two little girls, the youngest of whom couldn't have been more than four. The six of them sat together on a balsa-log bench puffing seriously and busily on the cigarettes. I wigwagged Bucher to be sure to catch it. Just as he began to let the camera roll, one little boy bent forward and spat voluminously and expertly. Two others, impressed by this show of manliness, followed suit.

The littlest girl thought she would try it, too, but at that moment she turned pale and looked worried. She stared at the cigarette, started to take another puff, then decided against it. She dropped it on the ground, quietly got up, and walked behind the house.

Alejandro and his friends were tugging at my shirt. I turned around to find them trying to take my clothes off. I protested, but they just laughed happily and told me that the ceremony of making me a blood-brother was about to begin. I was to be stripped, covered with red dye and zebra stripes, and dressed in a native skirt. I could not back out now, of course. I just hoped they would stop short of piercing my nose with a thorn. That was a ceremony that went with reaching puberty, and I was a good deal past that point.

I took off all my clothes except my underpants and put on a skirt of the inevitable white with red and blue stripes (I still have it, but never wear it) and a red sash to top it off. Alejandro then prepared to do the job. He is a *shaman*, and thus has the power to perform such acts and others like marriages, cures from illness, and all routine duties of the medicine man.

Alejandro reached into a hollowed tree trunk that served as a storage bin and brought forth a handful of red *achiote* seeds that come from a tall bush cultivated by the Colorados. The *shaman* crushed the seeds between his two palms, spat on them, crushed and kneaded some more, spat again, until he had a thick red paste on his hands. Tossing the seed pods aside, he applied both red-smeared hands to my chest.

Tried To Look Happy

Chatting happily with the men around us, he wiped his hands on my chest until they were almost clean, then reached for more *achiote* seeds. Crush, spit, knead and smear—the process went on until my chest and belly, my back and neck were done a nice vivid red. The stuff went on rather easily, for there is a waxy substance in the seeds that makes it something like theatrical grease paint.

Bucher, busy taking a picture of this scene, was enjoying himself hugely. He kept telling me to look as if I were happy and pleased about the whole thing—not an easy task when I saw my old friend Alejandro spit in his hands and then wipe them on my hair.

It was not too bad, however, until he started to work on my face. Then I wanted to call the whole thing off. But it was impossible. I gritted my teeth, tried to keep my stomach on an even keel, and let him finish the job.

When my hair was thick and stiff with the red paste, Alejandro called for his bowl—a cut gourd that fitted nicely over my head so that proper bangs could be cut. After the hair-do was completed, my halo was put in place on my head. Finally, the zebra stripes were painted across my chest and face with a little stick dipped in dye from the genipa berry. Then Alejandro stood back to judge his handiwork. He and everyone else admired it immensely, and I began to be curious as to how I looked.

Blood Red For Bravery

I tried to learn the original significance of the red paste, but the Colorados had forgotten. "It has always been the custom," they said, and that was all. There must be some association with blood and bravery, for in the many other tribes who use *achiote* dye on the face, there is some such significance.

The drinking of *malakachisa* had continued off and on during this time, and the men—about thirty of them—felt very gay. Someone called for music and two men went to the marimba which hung from the rafters of the open veranda. Chonta wood bars of this musical instrument make the tones, covering about two octaves and in rather good pitch. Below each tone bar hangs a tube of thick, hollow bamboo to give resonance—long tubes for the deeper tones, gradually getting shorter as they go up the scale. The Colorados borrowed the idea for the instrument originally from the Negroes who were brought to the coastal regions of Ecuador as slaves in the seventeenth century.

One man played a bass accompaniment while the other handled the melody. It was pleasant music, with emphatic rhythm, not as strange to my ears as much primitive music that is based on a different scale. The melody line was not easy to follow, but it made me think of Debussy.

Another young man got busy with a drum, and a third played the flutelike instrument of bamboo, soft and true in tone. It handled the melody with embellishment. I'm not sure if they played fixed songs that they all knew, but I'm inclined to believe that they

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

CLEOPATRA NEEDLE was tired of jokes about her name. Her friends called her "old granite face." Facetious young men expressed surprise that she was not as tall and thin as they had expected.

Cleopatra decided to put a stop to it. After much thought, she chose the name of Jane Saunders and adopted it as her own. By refusing to answer to anything else, she soon had all her friends calling her Jane, and within twelve months Cleopatra Needle was almost forgotten.

But one day Jane Saunders applied for a passport. The passport official checked the entries on her form of application. When he saw her birth certificate—with her old name—his eyebrows shot up. "Is this your name, madam?" he inquired.

Jane looked suspiciously for a hint of a grin, but the man was serious. "It *was* my name, but I've changed it," she explained. The official asked if she had done it by signing a deed.

"Of course not," said Jane. "I read that all you had to do was to become known by your new name and then it was quite legal."

"That's true, madam," said the official, "but for passport purposes, you must sign a deed to prove that this is your new name, and enrol the deed in the Supreme Court. It costs a pound or two, but otherwise, I'm afraid, your passport will bear both your names."

Jane—or Cleopatra—glared at him. She visualized a succession of cackling clerks and grinning customs officers wherever she travelled with her passport with two names.

"You've admitted that I've already changed my name legally," she argued. "You've no right to ask me to spend money and go to all the trouble of a deed. Anyone who knows me will tell you that my name is now Jane Saunders. I shall see my solicitors and force you to give me a passport in the name of Jane Saunders."

The passport official shrugged his shoulders. "But, madam," he insisted. "I assure you it won't do any good." Jane snapped: "We'll see about that," and stormed off.

What is your verdict? For the legal position see page 32

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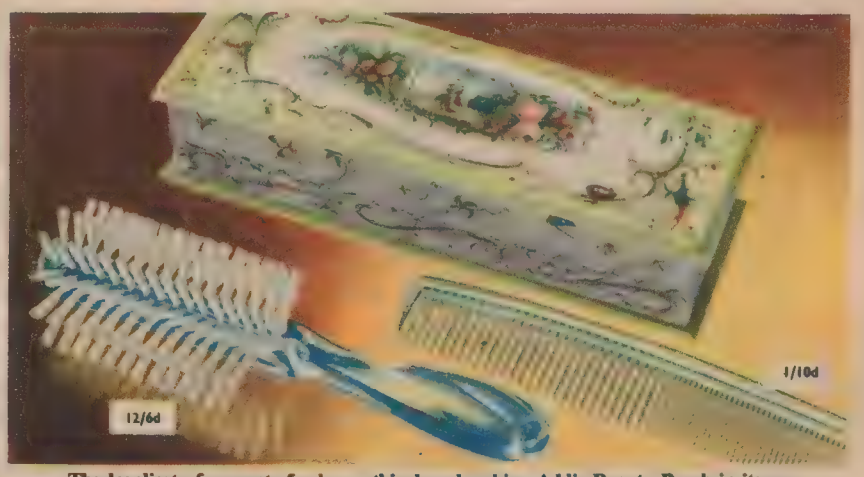

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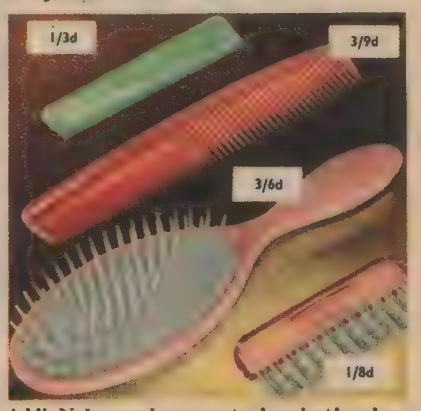

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"Now let's see—these are 'interested' . . . and these are 'possible' . . . and those are 'definitely not'"

improvised most of the time, using familiar basic themes.

One young Colorado had a sudden brilliant idea which he tried to tell me about in many words and happy gestures. I thought he wanted me to come and live in his house, but there was more I couldn't understand. I called our guide to translate, just as the young Indian strode towards a group of women and came back with a girl about eighteen years old. She was quite attractive, but did not like being pulled around this way.

Proudly he showed her to me and explained. The guide interpreted, and I knew that I was being offered the young Indian's sister as my wife. I was true Colorado, he insisted. I must stay and live with them for ever, and for that I needed a wife. Here she was!

Fires Of Rebellion

The girl looked up, her eyes dancing with little fires of rebellion. Her brief glance to me was not unfriendly, but she glared at her big brother. Without words or gestures she told me that while she had nothing against me, she was angry at her brother for trying to push her around and dictate to her.

It was even simpler for me to bow out of this offer gracefully than it had been when Peruche offered me a wife, for the Colorados are monogamous. I just said that I was already committed in my own tribe and could not possibly take another wife, attractive as the prospect might be. The girl, released, gave me a grateful glance, and the party continued.

Two men passed into a happy sleep on the ground. I knew it was time for us to be going back to Quito. I could not try to remove the red and black dyes until after I had left my blood brothers, so I decided I would have to get dressed as I was. I looked around for my clothes and found them on a bench on the veranda, everything but my hat and boots. I looked around for them and saw them walking across the clearing to me, containing a very young Colorado boy. He had tried them on and had been tramping about in them for some time, looking like a dwarf in giant's clothes.

I dressed, packed up the cameras, and went through half an hour of affectionate farewells before starting off. On the way back I tried with little success to wash off the dye in a stream. It looked as if I would wait till we reached Quito—and a hot bath.

As we entered the hotel, Bucher chuckled and said: "You are probably the first Colorado Indian to put up at the Metropolitano."

I had to do something about my red dye and zebra stripes right away. I walked into the hotel rather hesitantly, pulling my hat brim down as far as possible. Hotel clerks must be accustomed to almost everything, I thought, as I approached the desk, but this one turned pale as he saw me.

When I looked in my bathroom mirror I did not wonder why he turned pale. I half scared myself to death. That line of black running across my check bones and over the bridge of my nose made me look as sinister and vicious as any assassin could wish.

I climbed into a long, full tub of warm water that started to turn pink at once. In five minutes I felt that I was sitting in a tub of blood. Still, just the outer layer of red dye had come off. I had to scrub hard with soap and brush to get it all off.

My hair was the biggest problem—I thought. It took half an hour to bring back the natural colour, and there was still plenty of pink around the roots. I finally gave up, dried myself and looked in the mirror. I looked more sinister than ever!

Most of the red was gone, but the black face line was as strong as ever. I tried scraping with a fingernail file. No good. I decided to see if the line could be shaved off. It could not. Shaving lotion? No help.

In the morning I went to a large drugstore and asked a startled girl assistant for the "doctor." The pharmacist sympathized, assured me he could find something that would remove the black line.

He tried alcohol and rubbed hard with cotton. No good. He tried something else I did not bother to identify. Then something else. Each time there was a vigorous rubbing.

Two Lovely Black Eyes

The line was not so strong any more, but it was still visible. No one would have noticed it, however, for now I had two beautiful black eyes. I had apparently rubbed so hard that I had broken the tiny blood vessels in the skin under the eyes.

I did not look sinister and vicious any more. I just looked beaten up. It took a good deal of explaining, of which few people took much notice, and I became accustomed to scaring people during the next few days. In a week I looked fairly presentable, except for rosy glints at the roots of my hair. It was a few weeks before I stopped being, at least in part, a Colorado Indian.

NEXT WEEK: I meet Utiliaja—the mightiest headhunter of all. Photographs in this article are from Lewis Collow's film, "Jungle Headhunters," distributed by RKO

THEODORA GOES TO HEAVEN

Continued from page 8

the living-room. "Give him the height of hell, Theodora!"

They were talking to each other again by the time the Elvira Swift sailed. They kissed goodbye, but there was a spark missing. They both knew it and they also knew they would eat their hearts out, but pride is a terrible thing.

So when the Elvira Swift was well out into the stream, and heading for the open sea, Theodora felt the tears starting to come. And down in his engine-room old Dan cursed an oiler because he was mad at himself, and up on the bridge young James Sylvester punched the binnacle and wished it was Mulrooney—if he were only young enough.

WHEN he wasn't below, the chief kept to his own cabin. Jimmy had no way of knowing it, but this was a direct change in the old man's procedure. He and Captain Benson, the former skipper of the Elvira Swift, had been close friends — and Mulrooney missed him. They had been together for twenty-five years, and a bond had been established between them, fashioned by the ship they both knew so well. Jimmy unwittingly had broken the bond, and now Mulrooney was a lonely old man. He hated the thought of retirement, for with retirement would come the loss of his kingdom afloat. He could see nothing ahead but a rocking chair on the front porch and the old age pension. So when he wasn't below he stuck to his cabin and he brooded. He read his books, smoked his pipes and occasionally he thought of the chess games he and the former skipper had played in the old days. No chance of a game now—this young pip-squeak would know nothing of chess.

In his loneliness his books were his closest companion. They were all of the same trend—the Caribbean, the British West Indies, Dominica, Trinidad. Much fingered and read, they formed part of the regular furnishing of the old man's cabin.

Early in her career the Elvira Swift had been in the West Indian fruit trade. "Now this could be heaven," the chief had said to the old man on his first run down. "A man could retire right here on one of them islands with tons of peace an' quiet. He could be happy fer the rest of his life."

"I don't know." Old Captain Benson had been a little cautious about everything. "Nothing in the world could be as grand as it is down here."

But Mulrooney had been bitten by the Caribbean bug. The effect stayed with him all his life. It was unfortunate that, later on, fate and owners decreed that the Elvira Swift should spend most of her time plying between her home port and the United Kingdom.

He had almost forgotten the call of the southern seas at one time. That was when he met and married Theodora's mother. Mulrooney, he had said to himself, put away these silly

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Thoughtful idiocy

DON'T worry if people sometimes call you an idiot. It is proof that you are thinking for yourself instead of letting others think for you; and if you do that, your views are often going to differ from theirs.

Fearless thinkers are always feared. They make others think, and many people find that uncomfortable. That is why they shout "idiot!"

by ROFFE THOMPSON

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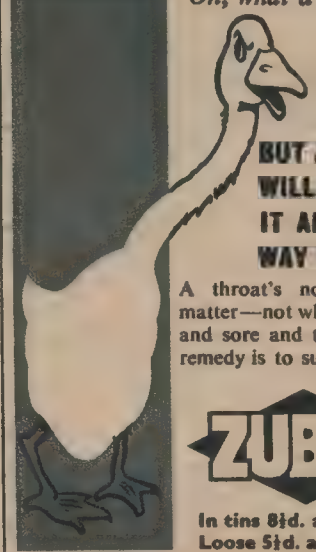
Oh, what a throat!



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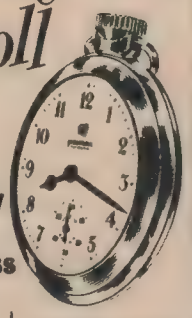

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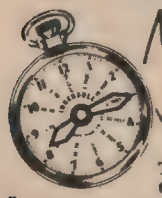

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ideas about them palm trees an' coral sands—you're a married man now, and home is where the heart is. Which was fine for many years. And then a sudden illness robbed him of his wife and he was left alone to bring up the five-year-old Theodora. Instead, he left her with his sister-in-law and took his grief back to sea.

After a time the grief lessened and Theodora was old enough to take over the running of the house. Old Dan was fiercely proud of his daughter. From him she inherited a sense of loyalty and a stiff Irish stubbornness that brought them even closer together, as she moulded into a breathtaking titian-haired beauty.

Theodora, the memory of his wife, his engine-room and his vague memories of the south seas . . . to Mulrooney they were the best things of life—in that order.

Jimmy Sylvester, knowing nothing of all this, presumed it was plain cussedness on Mulrooney's part. He saw little of the old man outside of the path of duty or at mealtimes. He took it for granted that the chief still resented working under a young captain.

Such was the state of affairs when, two days out of Southampton, the Elvira Swift decided to commit suicide.

It was during the dog watch and Mulrooney had just gone below. Not that he had any reason to. The second engineer was a capable man, the bilges were dry, the pumps were drawing, the bearings were cool, the evaporators working and the water level in the boilers was visible—but Mulrooney checked for himself, anyway.

"Do you want a cup of coffee, chief?" the second engineer asked him. "I can send one of the oilers up to the galley."

"I don't mind if I do," Dan said. He really didn't care about the coffee. What he really wanted was the companionship of the second engineer.

THE oiler was halfway up the ladder when it happened. There was a series of sharp explosions. The port engines seemed to lift and heave themselves off their moorings. At the same instant the whole ship started to vibrate with an awesome shaking, almost as if she had piled high and dry.

Mulrooney, jumping to his feet, was conscious of two things. The first was the scream of the oiler as he was hurled off the ladder by the totally unexpected vibrations. The second was the racing of the port engines. They raced with all their five thousand horsepower and the engine-room became a roaring nightmare.

"The tail shaft!" the second shouted. But Mulrooney was already in action. "Stop them!" he bellowed as he started for the tunnel.

The tunnel was really more of a hold housing the shafts of the twin propellers. The Elvira Swift's early days in the fruit trade were responsible for this arrangement. Her refrigerating machinery was on a platform abaft the engine-room, leaving a bigger tunnel than usual for the shafts. A watertight door led between them to their housing—Mulrooney made for it as fast as his old legs could carry him.

He opened the door and started up the tunnel. And then he stopped dead. He saw the water coming to meet him. For a horrible second he was almost panic stricken. "Good God, she's stabbed herself!" he shouted aloud. Turning, he raced back for the watertight door, pursued by the onrushing wall of water. He shot through the door, practically bowling over a terrified oiler who was about to close it.

"Ye damn' fool!" the chief roared, "what the hell do ye want to do—drown me?" Feverishly, they closed the door.

Mulrooney was convinced the ship was a goner. He had a mental vision of what had happened. Only once in a thousand times does a ship receive a mortal blow from a broken tail shaft, but the chief felt that the Elvira Swift had managed to do it. The amount of water inside the tunnel convinced him that the shaft had broken close to her rounded flank. In his mind's eye he could see the hole where she had stabbed herself with the huge end of jagged steel—all that was left of the propeller shaft.

He raced for the phone and even as he called the bridge a vision of Trinidad raced through his mind. I'll never live to see the place again, he thought. She'll go down like a stone. . . .

"What's wrong below?" Jimmy Sylvester's voice came through the pipe.

"Broken tail shaft!" shouted old Dan into the phone. "She's punched a hole in herself an' half the Atlantic ocean is in the tunnel. There's one water-tight door between us an' the bottom."

JIMMY turned the bridge over to the first officer and headed below himself. Mulrooney met him at the ladder.

"So ye don't believe me—you're comin' to see for yourself," he growled.

"Of course I believe you," Jimmy said impatiently, "but whoever heard of a ship sinking herself with a broken tail shaft?"

"I have. It was a long time ago, but it happened—an' now it's happenin' to us."

"The bulkhead!" It was a hoarse shout from the second engineer; the water-tight door was holding, but the whole steel wall which separated the engine-room from the tunnel was giving inward to the pressure of the water.

Jimmy called the bridge. "Get the carpenter and every hand that can be spared above deck down right now!"

When the carpenter came he wanted timbers, hatches and spare booms. They went to work to shore up the bulkhead. They worked against time and the sea outside. They worked fast—it had to be a matter of minutes—the hands from up top and the hands from below. They worked together in fear, but at the same time with the harmony of necessity. The ship's carpenter built crosspieces and cut struts to lay against the planks. While they worked, the water started to come up above the engine-room platform. Soon it was up to their waists. Mulrooney had the pumps going full blast, but even so the water reached the dynamo.

They worked on, in darkness now. The water came up to their chests and then back to their waists again, as the suction of the pumps really took hold.

Finally the carpenter's masterpiece was completed. It was a crazy jigsaw sort of construction, a weird-looking hodge-podge of struts and crosspieces, but to the men of the Elvira Swift it was the fortress of life—it held back the sea.

The chief came up on to the bridge. "Well," he said to Jimmy, "it's

MURDEROUS HONEYMOON

by NIGEL SLIGH

AS SOON AS she met him, Jill was afraid. She could not say what it was that frightened her, but she knew this man was bad . . . .

DO NOT MISS this tense, exciting story, which appears, complete, in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Never argue with a man!"

If he won't eat this and he won't touch that, it is only because a sick person feels too weak to digest even the lightest of "light diet." Just quietly but firmly give him Benger's. He can and will take Benger's because being self-digested (by a unique enzymic process) it soothes his stomach and builds up his digestive strength for a quick recovery. There's nothing so nourishing or satisfying as Benger's. It gets you better quicker!

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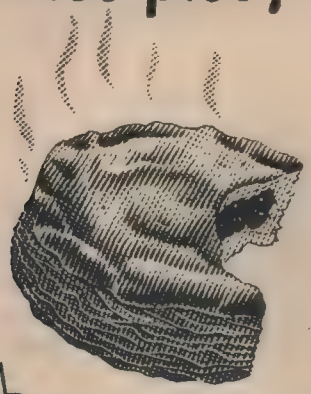

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Robertson's MINCEMEAT

"Cough?"

"Archie won't allow it," says Peter Brough

IF PETER BROUGH has a cough, Archie suffers too. Without Brough's voice, Archie doesn't exist. And without Archie, there's no show.

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MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

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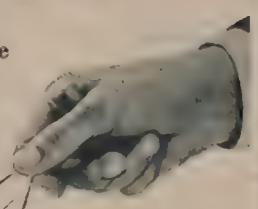

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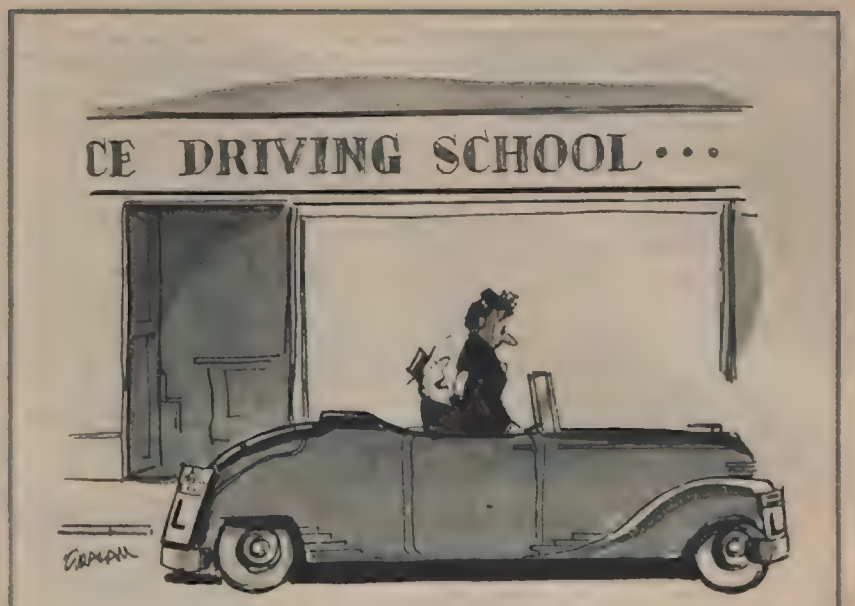

"Firstly, Mrs. Carson, we must learn to relax . . ."

done. God knows how, but it's done."

"How long will it hold?" Jimmy asked. "Sparks got through to the Penya. She's only six hours away."

Mulrooney was tired, wet and sore at heart. "It might hold an hour, two hours, five minutes," he said. "When it goes, we go, too."

"You're not suggesting that we leave her," Jimmy said sharply.

Mulrooney looked at the young captain, and he thought of the ordeal they had just been through. He thought of it being Jimmy's first ship, he thought of his red-headed daughter—and for some reason he thought of palm trees and coral sands.

"Jimmy"—his voice was friendly—"'tis not my place to tell ye. You're the captain, but she's wounded to the heart. Ye know yourself, if that shorin' gives, she'll sink so fast we won't even be able to get a boat away. She'll go an' take all hands with her."

Jimmy was thoughtful. "It's an easy sea and the pumps are handling it well," he said. "The Penya is coming up as fast as she can."

"Even if she does get here in time," Mulrooney said, "we'll sink before she can get us in."

JIMMY'S mind was made up. "I'm damned if I'll leave my first ship," he said. "With the weather holding in our favour we have a chance—I'll not leave her."

"I can't keep the hands below," Mulrooney said. "They haven't a chance down there an' they know it—you've got to think of them."

"I am thinking of them." Jimmy was very definite. "They can take to the boats and lay off—I'm staying aboard. Nobody is going to pick up my ship for salvage."

"But man, it's useless!"

It was the beginning of one of the old Mulrooney speeches. He was about to tell the younger man what he thought about heroics in no uncertain manner. But then, suddenly, he really saw the man before him. He liked and admired what he saw. He's a fine man for Theodora, he thought.

"All right," he said. "If you're so almighty stubborn—I'll stay, too."

"You won't. You'll go with the rest," Jimmy said.

"I'll stay with ye, ye young faggot! Ye can't put me off. I've a spanner in me hand!"

Jimmy grinned. "All right, stay. Stay and drown with me, then who will look after Theodora?"

"That girl needs no one to look after her—she's a Mulrooney!" And with that the chief headed back for his engine-room.

The crew took to the boats and laid off well away from her. Jimmy and the chief were left as the only souls aboard a sluggishly floating derelict.

They waited out the time for the Penya to show up and they lived a thousand years. Always present in their minds was the ungainly structure below, supporting the bulkhead. Would it hold, or would it not?

"If ye wasn't so damn' young with Hollywood ideas we'd be out in them boats like sensible people," Mulrooney joked.

"You're the old fool that drives me to it," Jimmy told him.

They were still ribbing each other when the Penya steamed over the horizon.

The Penya nursed them along until a deep-sea tug could get out to them. By the time the Elvira Swift was safe in dry dock, Jimmy Sylvester and his chief engineer, Daniel Mulrooney, were international celebrities. The Penya's wireless had been busy and the papers had caught wind of the story.

It was front-page stuff—the struggle against the sea in an engine-room as black as midnight; the debate about leaving the ship; and, finally, Jimmy and Mulrooney staying aboard to protect her against salvage.

They were mobbed wherever they went. They were twentieth-century vikings, the last of the sea dogs.

As a result of all the publicity, the chief received a cablegram from Trinidad. It read:

YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THAT KIND OF THING STOP LEAVE DEEP SEA ADVENTURES TO THE YOUNG FELLOWS STOP YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE BEING HEAVEN STOP ONE THING MISSING STOP ANOTHER GOOD CHESS PLAYER STOP WHY DONT YOU RETIRE YOU OLD GAFFER AND COME DOWN HERE STOP

It was signed "Jonathan Benson."

Later on, they flew Jimmy Sylvester home. Theodora met him at the airport. She was lovely and breathtaking, as she waited for him to fight his way through the crowd.

"Jimmy! Darling!" she said, and kissed him. It was a long, scorching redheaded sort of a kiss. The effect left Jimmy a little incoherent when he tried to tell the newspapermen the whereabouts of Mulrooney.

"You can say his daughter and I are going to join him on our honeymoon," he said. Then he kissed Theodora again. "The chief," he added after a time, "has gone to heaven." THE END

Consider your verdict

JANE—or Cleopatra—learned that her problem, on page 26, was more complicated than she thought. A surname, she found, is a "name of reputation" only. It can be changed without formality, as she had done. But a Christian name, given at baptism, can almost never be legally changed or abandoned, although there is no penalty for using a new "forename." Jane found that, legally, her name was now Cleopatra Saunders. She could still have had her passport in the name of Jane Saunders by signing a deed, as required by the Passport Office's special regulations.

I ESCAPED FROM A KOREAN PRISON CAMP

Continued from page 10

be a chance of running into a United Nations raiding party or possibly finding a small boat.

I talked over different ideas of escaping with some of the chaps. Tozer was one of them. He was in the same hut but in the next room, and it wasn't difficult to talk to him. We weren't allowed to talk to prisoners in a different company area, and at one time we had to get a pass to cross a road inside the camp.

Tozer and I discussed the route we should take and then started looking for two more members of our team. He suggested Bennett and I picked Devine. Four is the absolute maximum for a job like this. It was impossible to go alone. Company is important and, if anything happened, we could rely on each other.

We made our plans whenever we could talk without danger of being overheard. Sometimes it was on a work party or at a football match. We even passed messages during some of the lectures when we were supposed to be converted to the "peace camp." Most of our discussion centred on accumulating equipment. None of us had a watch. A pal said he would get me one—and he did.

Hid Clothes In Ground

It was the same with all sorts of things—tobacco, food and kit. We were all wearing Chinese padded blues, but quite a few of the chaps had saved bits of uniform. We decided to wear British Army equipment because the khaki would blend with the landscape better than the Chinese blue. Also, if we were in our own uniform we couldn't be shot as spies.

Outfitting four men with uniforms is no small job in a prison camp. It had to be done on the quiet and everything had to be hidden. We stowed most of the things in the ground where we slept.

Gradually our store increased. Korean civilians would give us two boxes of matches for a bar of soap. The cooks helped out with rice, beans and bread. It took a long time for them to steal enough food to provide us with the barest minimum for nine or ten days. Meanwhile, we tried to learn something of the language and get ourselves into condition.

We only mastered some simple phrases of Korean like: "Have you any food or water?" "Please give us shelter" or "We are English. We won't harm you." The Chinese and North Korean governments had put out effective propaganda that all United Nations troops were murderers and bandits. The civilians believed it, and that's why they turned in escaped prisoners.

Friends Fooled Chinese

To keep fit we took up body building. There wasn't a wooden horse in the camp, but we did manage to do some weight lifting. We made the weights out of wooden blocks or iron plates and practised constantly.

By the beginning of May, the weather improved and we decided that the time had come. I picked nine o'clock on the evening of the fourteenth as our starting time.

There were three days to wait after we had agreed on the time for the break. We left the final details until the last day, when we arranged for some of our friends to cover up for us. I don't know how they did it, but they fooled the Chinese for twenty-four hours; that gave us a day's start before the search began.

Our starting point was my room. Tozer was the first to join me. Bennett came from across the road, and finally Devine arrived. The moment he arrived the sirens went. We couldn't have asked for anything better. As the pandemonium of the air raid swelled, I led the way out of the camp. . . .

At first light the next morning we moved away from Chongsong, keeping to the hills and away from the roads. It was hard going, but there was less

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chance of being seen. The second day out, May 16, some Koreans on their way to work the fields did see us. One of them signalled us to stop and another ran back in the direction from which they had come.

"He's gone to get help," said Devine. "Let's get moving." We kept on our way. The Koreans didn't come near, and they made no effort to follow us. We put in some distance up and down those rugged hills before we stopped that night.

In the evenings we would cook one of the two small meals we allowed ourselves each day. It was always the same—a few ounces of rice and a few ounces of beans. We had one tin of meat among the four of us, but that didn't last long.

In the morning we would move on, stopping later for breakfast. On the eighteenth we almost bumped into an old Korean with a dog and a cow. If he saw us, he took no notice. We cooked our breakfast about fifty yards away from him.

The old Koreans were all right. Even on the march north in 1951 you could see that they didn't like the Chinese. They would pass us apples or sweets in exchange for tobacco, even though the punishment if they were caught was pretty grim. It was a different story with the younger ones. They were filled up with propaganda, and some of them even threw stones at us when we were being marched to prison camp.

That is why we avoided the villages as we headed for the coast. The four of us averaged seven miles a day. The sun gave us our direction and enough warmth during the day. At night it was cold. Halfway through the night we would wake up and smoke a cigarette under the blanket just for the little warmth that it gave.

Tozer Goes Off Alone

There wasn't much to talk about. We just cursed the hills and the countryside and asked: "When do we get home?" We all thought we were going to make it, even though we were tired and hungry.

The next day we walked almost straight into a village. One of the men saw us and, picking up a spear, ran down to warn the people. We could see the women and children gathering in doorways. Hopefully, I said to the other three: "Maybe they'll take us for Russians." At that moment, Tozer decided not to go on. "I'm going to leave you here," he said.

Nothing any of us said would make him change his mind. He kept on saying: "It's too tough going in the hills. I'm going down in the valley."

"You can't make it in the valleys," I told him. "No escape is easy, but if it's worth getting home, it's worth some hardship."

Tozer carried on down the hill. Devine, Bennett and I headed uphill. A few minutes later there were two shots from the direction in which Tozer had gone. We looked at each other. "Just warning shots," Devine suggested.

"Even if they were shooting at

"I should think you'd get tired of eating breakfast *every* morning . . ."

Tozer, there's nothing we can do," I replied. We kept on climbing.

The next five days were much the same. Uphill. Downhill. Skirt the villages. Hide from civilians. Our meagre food was beginning to run out.

On the twenty-sixth we were resting on top of a hill when I heard voices. Two boys came into view.

They were well dressed, clean and intelligent-looking boys of thirteen and fourteen. The younger seemed about to come up and say something, but his companion held him back. They showed no fear and just kept on walking.

As they went around the bend we got our stuff together and carried on up the gully. At that moment we spotted a band of fifty or sixty Koreans. Some had spears as weapons. One or two had rifles and one man carried a pistol. He seemed to be the leader and was telling the others what to do. They would go up and down the hillside, beat the bushes and throw stones into the shrubs.

Bird Gave Away Hideout

Bennett, Devine and I clung to the side of that hill. There were only a few low bushes to give us any cover and I felt that I could never get down low enough. Slowly the searchers moved across our hiding place. It was agonizing lying there just trusting to luck.

After what seemed an age, the Koreans passed on down the hill. I took a deep breath. It was too soon. There was one last searcher coming down the slope. As he passed by my hiding place a bird flew up. He saw me and ran to the others, who turned back and closed in on us.

"*Tochon, tochon,*" they shouted. It was their call to surrender. They came closer, and the two with the rifles levelled them at us. There was nothing to do but give ourselves up. Their leader came up and tried to be friendly. The Koreans even insisted on carrying our packs down the hill.

They searched the packs and found the knives that we had made in camp out of old hoe blades. In sign language we indicated to them that we used the knives only for eating, and they let us keep them. After a few moments' rest at the bottom of the hill, we were led back to their village and handed over to the local police constable.

Back To Prison Camp

The policeman seemed amazed that we had got so far. The village was about seventy miles from the prison camp at Chongsong. An eleven-year-old boy came in and acted as interpreter. The policeman's wife cooked a meal for us. Everything was friendly until the next day, when a truck from the camp came for us.

An "instructor" jumped out of the truck. "Which one is Holdham?" he demanded. Then he looked at me and grinned. "You are very silly boy. How far do you think you'd have got?"

It took us nearly eight hours to drive back to Chongsong. On the way the instructor told us that Tozer had been recaptured. There were a few cheers as we were led into the camp. "How far did you get?" "Did you know Tozer's back?" "Take it easy, boys." The Chinese wouldn't let us reply. They led us to the camp headquarters.

They started questioning me that night. It was a revelation. They knew all about me. They knew the plan for the escape, the route and where we were heading for. But they couldn't make out how we got out of the camp. "It's impossible for a rabbit to get out of here, let alone four men," the instructor said.

It was May 29 when we got back to the camp. Three days later the Chinese built a series of boxes four feet six inches high, five feet long and two feet six inches wide. We were handcuffed and made to sit inside them. For sixteen hours a day we had to sit at attention.

The handcuffs were originally put on me for a period of four days because they caught me talking. I broke one pair, and the punishment was a session lasting six hours when the guards beat me up. Then I was shoved back in the box with handcuffs on for the next forty-three days. They kept telling me that the handcuffs were to help me to realize my mistakes.

"It is a soldier's duty to escape," I would tell them.

"By getting others to escape," was the reply, "you endangered their lives. That makes you an enemy of the people. You must realize your mistake. If you confess, punishment will be light. If not, what happens will be your own responsibility."

I got word to Devine and Bennett and told them to say that I was the leader and that they were under my influence. They took my advice and it helped them get lighter sentences.

On August 7, 1952, after more than two months in the box, I was taken before a so-called court-martial and charged with escaping, persuading others to escape, having a hostile attitude, abusing the guards and causing trouble. The sentence was eighteen months' confinement, and I was told my name would be taken off the prisoner of war lists.

With five others I was taken to Camp 2 at Songney, where they held "subversives." We were told that the "lenient" policy no longer applied to us. We could write no letters home and play no games. We had to stay inside all day and we received no sugar or tobacco ration.

We subversives got on together very well. Tobacco and matches were smuggled in. Everybody helped everybody else. Other chaps who were allowed to write a limited number of letters home would use one of their precious letters to write to our people.

Smuggled Food To Sick

The guards were tough. If they caught you talking, they'd make you stand to attention—sometimes clad only in underwear outside in the winter cold. But if a prisoner got sick from ill-treatment his pals would smuggle in sugar or bits of bread.

In the last few weeks before we were released the Chinese changed their attitude and did everything to try to convince us that the bad treatment was all a mistake. They thought we would forget it; but you don't forget the sores caused by wearing handcuffs for forty-three days on end, or the bruises from being beaten up.

By boat, truck and goods train they took us to Freedom Village, where the p.o.w.s were exchanged. The first United Nations troops we saw were the military police lining the route. We gave them a cheer and they grinned back at us. Then we knew we were on our way home. THE END

TIME OF AWAKENING

Continued from page 22

without hesitation, and the boy's hopes began to grow.

A day came when, instead of cruising low over the beach, the falcon swung out in a great circle and commenced to climb steadily. It shook itself, careened, bucked and dived, then sprinted aloft in a quick succession of deep and rapid beats of its tapering wings.

The sight of the hunter threw a panic into a flock of gulls on a tidal flat across the dunes. As they took off heavily from the mud, the falcon wheeled and bore down upon them. Reaching the edge of the scattering flock, it plunged on the hindmost bird, missed its strike as the gull dodged frantically at the last instant, and, arresting its descent with churning wings, dropped upon the ground. Freddy had a quarter of a mile walk that time, but once more the falcon stepped unhesitatingly on to his arm.

That proved to be the prelude to rapturous days. Every time they went out now, the gyrfalcon sallied forth on the hunt, and less and less often did it miss its game. Sometimes the victim eluded its first dive, and, when it did, the falcon veered upwards, vaulting skywards with a few strokes of its pinions and came down again with wings closed, like a bomb, striking the quarry with its fist and breaking its back.

It saddened the boy that these birds should have to die, but he reasoned that it was the way of nature, something that could not be avoided.

The first time it made a kill it completed the boy's enchantment by coming voluntarily to his arm from the site of its repast; a leap and two strokes of its wings were sufficient for the move. It wiped a bit of down from its beak on the boy's shoulder.

From then on, the gyrfalcon always returned of its own accord. It was best of all when it came straight back to his arm from a wide swing out over the sea and the marshes behind the dunes, when it would fly simply for the glory of flight.

There was nothing in life like it when the big bird, flashing white against the pale-blue sky of morning, would head in from the distance, covering the last few hundred feet in a glide, finally almost touching its own racing shadow on the sand before turning steeply upwards as it neared the boy. It would thrust out its enormous talons, backstroke furiously with its wings, and land hard, its frowning austerity more uncompromising than ever.

Even at night the falcon kept his yearnings alive. He could hear its stirring in the darkness of the room, hear the rustle of its quills as it resettled its wings.

The foliage was out on the trees now, yellow-green and tender as lettuce, the summer birds had all arrived, and the windows of the schoolrooms were left open, making it all but impossible to keep one's mind on lessons.

At lunch Freddy found himself walking close to the side of the building to take advantage of the shade, and by this he knew the summer half of the year had begun.

He was just savouring this consideration when he heard a voice behind him call his name. He looked round. It was one of the girls in his class who had never before spoken to him. She wore a yellow dress with two ribbons of the same colour in her hair. The back of her skirt was creased and a little piece of grass clung to her leg; she had been sitting on the lawn.

"I'm giving a party on Saturday," she said.

"Are you?" he commented objectively. It seemed to him that his voice was unnaturally rough and unfriendly.

"I'd like it if you could come," she went on, evidently not having noticed. "About three o'clock." He was struck by her self-possession. He nodded emphatically. "Thanks." His hands felt heavy at the ends of his arms. He was looking at her and she at him, and all of a sudden he was panic-stricken to realize that he did not know how to

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bring a conversation with a girl to an end.

"Are you interested in natural history?" he asked recklessly.

"I've never had it," she replied.

There was another pause.

"Well," she said, "goodbye."

After she had gone, he tried to recapture the exact spirit in which she had uttered that phrase. Something about the whole scene had been strange, unprecedented. It reminded him of the time he had had to have an anaesthetic when they took out his tonsils and adenoids. It had been stupid of him to ask if she were interested in natural history. He writhed at the stupidity of it.

That afternoon he joined some of the other boys who were walking home. His presence surprised them.

"You going to Marjorie's party this Saturday?" he asked the company negligently.

They were. "It'll probably be stupid," one of them added.

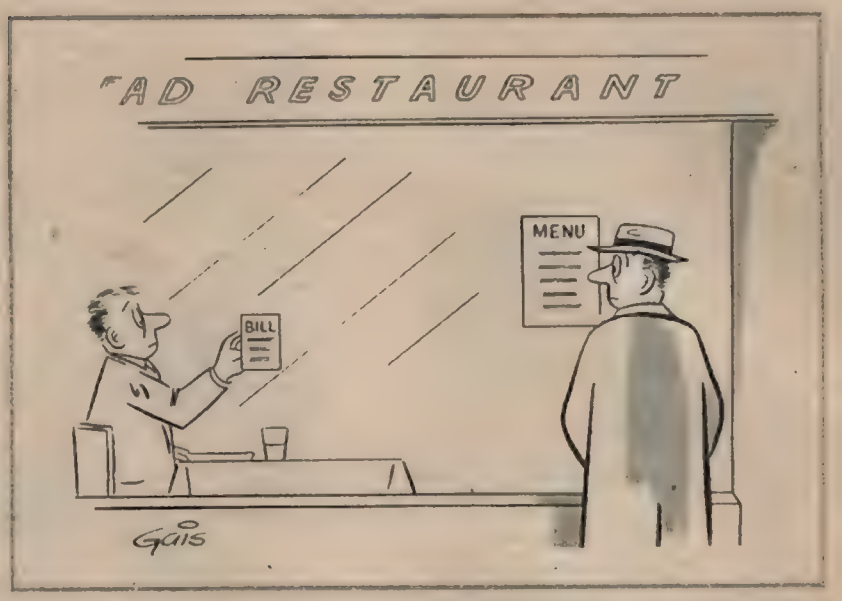
"Probably," he agreed.

He left them and turned off to his own home, his feet dragging. He was speculating on the proposition that since everyone was some particular kind of person, he must be some particular kind of person. He wondered what kind he was. How did he seem to other boys? How would he seem to a girl, for that matter?

His father was polishing the car when he reached the gate.

"Is it hard to get a job?" he asked. "I mean, is it hard to make a living?"

"Depends on the times," his father answered. "But work's no fun. It's always hard. It won't give you time to moon about with eagles."



This reminder, bringing with it the realization of how long the gyrfalcon had been out of his mind, was like a physical blow. On top of that, it came to him that it had been raining that morning and he had not been able to take the bird out; it must be famished. His conscience hammering inside him, he bounded up the stairs.

The sawhorse stood untenanted in the corner of the room, which was empty. He looked at the open window and saw that the screen was missing. It was, in fact, lying on the ground below.

He threw himself on the bed, his face screwed up. But even as he sobbed, there was part of him that did not sob, that was listening to voices he had never heard before that day, to different voices from the one that made him cry, from the voice that said over and over again that he would never see his white gyrfalcon any more. THE END

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 16

when he reached that conclusion there was an orange flash from far astern, as if momentarily a furnace door had been opened and then closed. Seconds later came the heavy report: the Mejidieh had fired a gun. There was no sound of the passage of the shot—but if it had even been a blank charge it would serve to warn the batteries.

"I'm going under Sari Point," said Hornblower.

"Sari Point, sir!"

"Yes."

Turner would never have thought for a moment of trying to take Atropos through the narrow channel between Sari Point and Kaia Rock, not even by daylight, and ten times never by night.

Another orange flash showed astern; another report reached them.

"Take a night glass and go for'ard," said Hornblower. "Look out for the surf."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Take a speaking trumpet as well. Make sure I hear you."

"Aye aye, sir."

TAKING Atropos under Sari Point would double—treble—the range from the guns on Passage Island; it would be a surprise move; and very likely the guns there would be trained up Kaia Rock, to sweep the narrowest passage—their aim would have to be hurriedly changed and for a moment at least he would have the rock itself to shelter him. It was his best chance.

"Starboard a point," he said to the quartermaster. The decision taken, there was no room for second thoughts.

He could see Ada Peninsula plainly enough. At this angle it looked as if there was no exit at all from the bay; Atropos seemed to be gliding down, unhurried, as though to immolate herself upon an unbroken coast.

"Mr. Jones, hands to the braces and headsail sheets, if you please."

The gunners on Ada would be able to see the ship plainly enough now, would be waiting for her to turn.

"Breakers on the port bow!"

That was Turner, hailing from forward.

"Breakers ahead!" A long pause, and then Turner's high, thin voice again, sharpened with anxiety. "Breakers ahead!"

"Mr. Jones, we'll be wearing ship soon."

He could see well enough. He carried the chart before his mental eyes, and could superimpose it upon the shadowy landscape before him.

"Breakers ahead!"

The closer he came the better. That shore was steep-to.

"Now, Mr. Jones. Quartermaster—hard a-starboard."

She was coming round on her heel like a dancer. Too fast!

"Meet her! Steady!"

He must hold on for a moment; and it would be as well, too, for then Atropos could regain the way and handiness of which the sharp turn had deprived her.

"Breakers ahead! Breakers on the starboard bow! Breakers to port!"

A chain of long, bright flashes over port quarter; a thunder-roll of reports, echoing again from the hills.

"Hard a-starboard. Brace her up, Mr. Jones. Full and by!"

Coming round now, with Sari Point close alongside; not merely alongside but right ahead with the hollow curve of it.

"Keep your luff!"

"Sir—sir——"

The quartermaster at the wheel was croaking with anxiety; she would be in irons in a moment. The headsails were flapping. From the feel of her she was losing her way, sagging off to leeward; she would be aground before long.

"Port a little."

That would keep her going for a moment. The black bulk of Kaia was plainly visible to port. Sari was ahead and to starboard, and the wind was in their teeth. They were creeping forward to destruction. But there must be—there *must* be—a back lash of wind from Sari Point. It could not be otherwise with that land formation. The headsails flapped again as the quartermaster at the wheel vacillated between going aground and being taken aback.

"Keep her going."

"Sir——!"

IT would be close under the land that air would be found, if at all. Ah! Hornblower could feel the transition with the acute sensitivity of the seaman, the cessation of wind and then the tiny gentle breath on the other cheek. The headsails flapped again, but in a different mood from before; before Hornblower could speak the quartermaster was turning the wheel in agonized relief. It would only be a second or two that would be granted them, small enough time in which to gather steerage way to get the ship under command again, to gain distance from the cliffs.

"Stand by to go about!"

Steerage way so that the rudder would bite; that was what was wanted now. A flash and a roar from Passage Island—Kaia Rock nearly intercepted the flash; perhaps the shot was intercepted as well. Another flash, another roar, but no time to think about them, for Hornblower's perceptions told him of the fresh alteration in the feel of the ship. They were passing out into the wind again.

"Headsail sheets!"

One moment more. Now!

"Hard a-starboard!"

HE could feel the rudder bite. She was coming round. She would not miss stays. As she emerged into the wind she was on her new tack.

"Breakers right ahead!"

That was Kaia Rock, of course. But they must gather way again.

"Stand by to go about!"

They must hold on until the bowsprit was almost touching. Wait.

Now!

"Hard over!"

The wheel spun. She was sluggish. Yes—no—yes. The fore staysail was drawing. She was coming round. The yards turned as the hands came aft with the lee-braces. One moment's hesitation, and then she gathered way on the fresh tack, leaving Kaia close beside them, Sari Point ahead; no chance of weathering it on this tack.

"Stand by to go about!"

Hold on as far as possible; this would be the last tack that would be necessary. A howl close overhead. That was a cannon-ball from Passage Island!

"Stand by! Hard over!"

Round she came, the rocks at the foot of Sari Point clearly visible as she wheeled away from them. A flaw, an eddy in the wind again, but only a second's hesitation as she caught the true breeze. Hold on for safety a moment more, with Kaia close abeam. Now all was safe.

"Mr. Jones! Course south by east."

"Course south by east, sir!"

They were heading into the open sea, with Rhodes to starboard and Turkey left behind, and with a king's ransom in the lazarette. They were leaving behind a prince's ransom, so to speak, but Hornblower could think of that with hardly a twinge.

His Majesty's sloop of war Atropos, admittedly, was the smallest ship in

Mr. M., a Manchester accountant (who wishes to remain anonymous), has recovered his former health and vigour. Relieved of the rheumatic pain which made him a semi-invalid for almost two years, he can again enjoy his favourite pastime of angling! *(Photograph posed by a model).*

Mrs. Codling laughs at the idea of retirement. At 73 she still goes to her full-time office job every day and manages to keep her home spick and span as well. Even after a busy day she's glad when the neighbours drop in for a cup of tea. *(Recent photograph of Mrs. Codling).*

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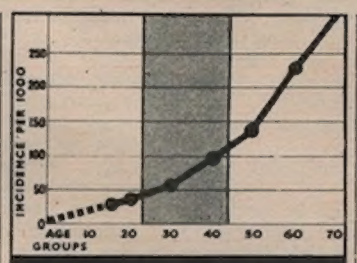
Rheumatic pain relieved by taking Fynnon Salt

If you are one of Britain's 1,000,000 rheumatic sufferers you will want to read how two victims found relief from pain and a new lease of life.

Mr. M., 49 year old accountant of Manchester (who for professional reasons does not wish his name published) writes: **'In May 1950 I was suddenly attacked with . . . Sciatica and Lumbago . . . Months of agony, with only occasional relief . . . I finally tried Fynnon Salt with amazing relief. Towards the end now of the second tin I am free of all pain, joints and nerve centres normal. I can walk and sit and bend in comfort . . . am sleeping regularly for the first time in 18 months and feel ten years younger.'**

Mrs. C. Codling, a widow of 73, resident in Ladywood, Birmingham, has also found relief from Rheumatic pain through taking Fynnon Salt regularly. **'I have been taking Fynnon Salt,'** she writes, **'since I was 60 years old for rheumatism, and now I am 73 years old and still at work . . . And I can thoroughly recommend it, which I have done to many of my friends.'** (The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices).

THESE are only two among many hundreds of letters which tell of the wonderful relief rheumatic sufferers all over Great Britain are receiving from Fynnon Salt. It's no wonder Fynnon users are grateful when you consider the amount of pain and suffering and actual financial loss caused every year by rheumatism. It has been estimated that rheumatic diseases cost the country 45 million pounds yearly in working time!



This chart from official sources reveals the startling amount of rheumatism in the 25-45 age group. It shows why early treatment is now stressed.

Young People suffer too

Already the mobilisation of medical science has added much to our knowledge of rheumatism. **One of the most surprising discoveries is the extent to which rheumatism attacks those in the 25-45 age group. It is no wonder that today, more than ever, doctors emphasise the need for treatment as soon as the first symptoms occur.**

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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

the British Navy. There were brigs of war smaller than she was, and schooners and cutters smaller still, but she was the smallest ship in the technical sense, with a captain in command, that King George owned. Yet Hornblower was well content with her.

He had completed a mission and was entering upon another one. He had discharged at Gibraltar two hundred thousand pounds sterling in gold and silver coins, and he had left there the unpleasant Mr. McCullum and his Ceylonese divers. The money was to await shipment to London, where it would constitute some part of the "British gold" that sustained the fainting spirits of England's allies and against which Bonaparte raved so violently in his bulletins; McCullum and his men would wait for an opportunity to travel in the opposite direction, round Africa back to India. And Atropos was running before a heavy westerly gale in a third direction, back up the Mediterranean to rejoin Collingwood and the Mediterranean Fleet.

She seemed to be lightheartedly free of her encumbrances as she heaved and pitched on the quartering sea; after six months afloat, with hardly six hours on land, Hornblower's seasickness was no longer apparent and he was light-hearted on that account, too, along with his ship. Collingwood had seen fit to approve of his report on his proceedings at Marmorice before sending him on to Gibraltar with the treasure, and had given him, for his return journey, orders that an adventurous young captain would approve of.

He was to scour the Mediterranean coast of southern Spain, disorganize the Spanish coasting trade, gather up any information he could by personal observation of the harbours, and then look in at Corsica before rejoining the fleet off the Italian coast, where it was damming back, at the water's edge, Bonaparte's new flood of conquest. Naples had fallen, but Sicily was held intact; Bonaparte's monstrous power ended when the salt water reached the saddle-girths of his horse. His armies could march where they would, but his ships cowered in port, or only ventured forth on furtive raids, while the little Atropos, with her twenty-two tiny guns, had twice sailed the whole length of the Mediterranean, without once seeing the tricolour flag.

No wonder Hornblower felt pleased with himself, standing on the plunging deck without a qualm, looking over at the serrated skyline which, in the clear Mediterranean air, indicated the mountains of Spain. He had sailed boldly in within gunshot of the harbours and roadsteads of the coast; he had looked into Malaga and Motril and Almeria; fishing boats and coasters had fled before him like minnows before a pike. He had rounded Cape de Gata and had clawed his way back to the coast again so as to look into Cartagena.

Cartagena was the principal Spanish naval base. An examination of it would reveal whether the bankrupt Spanish Government had made any effort to reconstitute the fleet shattered at Trafalgar. Perhaps a French ship or two would be sheltering there, on one stage of some adventurous cruise planned by Bonaparte to enable them to strike at British convoys.

Hornblower looked up at the straining rigging, felt the heave and plunge of the ship under his feet. There were two reefs in the topsails already—it was more than half a gale that was blowing. He considered, and then dismissed, the notion of a third reef. Atropos could carry that amount of canvas safely enough.

It was exhilarating to stand here by the taffrail with the wind screaming round him and a creamy wake emerging from under the stern beneath his feet. He smiled to watch Mr. Turner's navigation class at work; Turner had the midshipmen and master's mates around him, giving them instruction in coastwise navigation. It was a difficult task to retain their attention in these stimulating surroundings, with the wind setting the chart fluttering wildly in Turner's hand, and even making it hard for the young men to hold their slates steady as it caught their inclined surfaces.

"Mr. Turner," said Hornblower. "Report any case of inattention to me at once and I will deal with it as it deserves."

That steadied the young men to a noticeable extent and made them restrain their animal spirits. Smiley checked himself in the midst of a wink at the young Prince, and the Prince's embryo guffaw was stillborn as a guilty grin. That boy was perfectly human now—it was a far cry from the stuffy German Court into which he had been born to the windy deck of the Atropos. If ever he were restored to the throne of his fathers he would be free of the thraldom of a sextant, but perhaps he might remember these breezy days with regret.

The great-nephew of King George—Hornblower looked at him, pretending to study the equilateral triangle scrawled on his slate, and smiled to himself again, remembering Dr. Eisenbeiss's horror at the suggestion that perhaps corporal punishment might come the way of a reigning prince. It had not so far, but it might.

Four bells sounded, the sand glass was turned, the wheel was relieved, and Turner dismissed his class.

"Mr. Smiley! Mr. Horrocks!"

The released midshipmen turned to their captain.

"I want you at the mastheads now with your glasses."

Sharp young eyes would be best for looking into Cartagena. Hornblower noticed the appeal in the Prince's expression.

"Very well, Mr. Prince. You can go, too. Fore topmast head with Mr. Smiley."

It was a frequent punishment to send a young officer up to the discomforts of the masthead, but it was no punishment today, not with an enemy's harbour to be examined, and reports made on the shipping inside. Cartagena was fast coming into sight; the castle and the towers of the churches were visible now beyond the sheltering island of La Escombrera. With this westerly wind it was simple enough to stand right in so that from the masthead a view could be had of the inner harbour.

"Deck, there! Captain, sir——"

Smiley was hailing down from the fore topmast head. Hornblower had to walk forward to hear what he had to say, for the wind was sweeping away his words.

"There's a ship of war in the outer bay, sir! Spanish, she looks like. One of their big frigates. She's got her yards across."

That was likely to be the Castilla, one of the survivors of Trafalgar.

"There's seven sail of coasters anchored close in, sir," said Smiley.

They were safe enough from the Atropos in these conditions.

"What about the inner harbour?"

"Four—no, five ships moored there, sir. And two hulks."

"What d'you make of them?"

"Four of the line, sir, and a frigate. No yards across. Laid up in ordinary, I should say, sir."

In past years the Spanish Government had built fine ships, but under the corruption and inefficiency of Godoy they were allowed to rot at their moorings for want of crews and stores. Four of the line and a frigate laid up at Cartagena was what had last been reported there, so there was no change; negative information for Collingwood, but useful.

"She's setting sail!"

That was the Prince's voice, high-pitched and excited, screaming down. A moment later Horrocks and Smiley were supplementing the warning.

"The frigate, sir! She's getting sail on her!"

"I can see her cross, sir!"

Spanish ships of war had the habit of hoisting huge wooden crosses at the mizzen peak when action seemed likely. The frigate must be intending to make a sortie, to chase away this inquisitive visitor. It was high time to beat a retreat. A big Spanish frigate such as the Castilla carried forty-four guns, just twice as many as Atropos, and with three times their weight of metal. If only, over the horizon, Atropos had a colleague to whom she could lure the Castilla.

"She's under way, sir!"

"Fore tops'l set! Main tops'l set, sir!"

No sense in courting danger, even though with this wind Atropos had a clear run to safety.

"Keep her away a point," said Hornblower to the helmsman, and Atropos turned a little to show a clean pair of heels to the Spaniard.

"She's coming out, sir!" reported Horrocks. "Reefed tops'l. Two reefs, I think, sir."

Hornblower trained his glass over the quarter. There it was, the white oblong just showing above the horizon as Atropos lifted—the reefed fore topsail of the Castilla.

"She's pointing straight at us now, sir," reported Smiley.

In a stern chase like this Atropos had nothing to fear, newly coppered as she was and with a pretty turn of speed. The high wind and the rough sea would favour the bigger ship, of course. The Castilla might contrive to keep the Atropos in sight even though she had no chance of overtaking her.

Hornblower looked up again at sails and rigging. Certainly now there could be no question of taking in a third reef. He must carry all possible sail, just as the Castilla was doing.

Still, as officer of the watch, was touching his hat to Hornblower with a routine question.

"Carry on, Mr. Still."

"Up splrits!"

With a powerful enemy plunging along behind her the life of the Atropos went on quite normally; the men had their grog and went to their dinners, the watch changed, the wheel was relieved. Palos Point disappeared over the port quarter as Atropos went flying on into the open Mediterranean, and still that white oblong kept its position on the horizon astern. The Castilla was doing well for a Spanish frigate.

"Call me the moment there is any change, Mr. Jones," said Hornblower, shutting his glass.

Jones was nervous—he might be imagining himself in a Spanish prison already. It would do him no harm to be left on deck with the responsibility, even though, down in his cabin, Hornblower found himself getting up from his dinner table to peer aft through the scuttle to make sure the Castilla was not gaining on them. In fact, Hornblower was not sorry when, with his dinner not yet finished, a knock at the door brought a messenger from the quarter-deck.

"Mr. Jones's respects, sir, and the wind is moderating a little, he thinks, sir."

"I'm coming," said Hornblower, laying down his knife and fork.

In a moderate breeze Atropos ought to be able to run Castilla topsails-under in an hour or two, and any reduction in the wind was to the advantage of Atropos as long as she spread all the canvas she could carry. But it would call for judgment to shake out the reefs at the right time, without imperilling spars on the one hand or losing distance on the other. When Hornblower arrived on deck, a glance told him that it was time.

"You are quite right, Mr. Jones," he said—no harm in giving him a pat on the back—"we'll shake out a reef."

The order sped along the deck.

"Hands make sail!"

Hornblower looked aft through his glass; as Atropos lifted her stern he could get the Castilla's fore topsail right in the centre of the field. The most painstaking thought could not bring a decision as to whether or not it was any nearer. She must be exactly maintaining her distance. Then as the topsail hung dizzily in the lens he saw—he was nearly sure he saw—the oblong broaden into a square.

He rested his eye and looked again. No doubt about it. Castilla had decided that this was the moment to shake out a reef, too.

Hornblower looked up at the Atropos's main topsail yard. The topmen, bent over the yard at that dizzy height, had completed the untying of the reef points. Now they came running in from the yard. Smiley had the starboard yardarm, and His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau the port. They were having their usual race, flinging themselves on to the backstays and sliding down without a thought for their necks. Hornblower was glad that boy had found his feet—of course he was wild with the excitement of the flight and pursuit; Hornblower was glad that Smiley had adopted that amused paternal attitude towards him.

With the letting out of the reef, Atropos increased her speed again; Hornblower could feel the renewed thrust of the sail upon the fabric of the ship under his feet; he could feel the more frantic leap of the vessel on the wave crests. He directed a wary glance aloft. This would not be the moment to have anything carry away, not with Castilla tearing along in pursuit.

Jones was standing by the wheel. The wind was just over the starboard quarter and the little ship was answering well to her rudder, but it was as important to keep an eye on the helmsman as it was to see that they did not split a topsail. It called for some little resolution to leave Jones in charge again and go below to finish his dinner.

When the message came down again

that the wind was moderating it was like that uncanny feeling which Hornblower had once or twice experienced of something happening again even though it had not happened before—the circumstances were so exactly similar.

"Mr. Jones's respects, sir, and the wind is moderating a little, he thinks, sir."

Hornblower had to compel himself to vary his reply.

"My compliments to Mr. Jones, and I am coming on deck."

Just as before, he could feel that the ship was not giving her utmost. Just as before, he gave the order for a reef to be shaken out.

Just as before, he swung round to train his glass on the Castilla's topsail. And just as before, he turned back as the men prepared to come in from the yard.

But that was the moment when everything took a different course, when the desperate emergency arose that always at sea lies just over the horizon of the future.

Excitement had stimulated the Prince into folly. Hornblower looked up to see the boy standing on the port yardarm, not merely standing but dancing, taking a clumsy step or two to dare Smiley at the starboard yardarm to imitate him, one hand on his hip, the other over his head. Hornblower was going to shout a reprimand; he opened his mouth and inflated his chest, but before he could utter a sound the Prince's foot slipped. Hornblower saw him totter, strive to regain his balance, and then fall heavily through the air, turning a complete circle as he fell.

Later on Hornblower, out of curiosity, made a calculation.

The Prince fell from a height of a little over seventy feet, and without the resistance of the air, and had he not bounced off the shrouds, he would have reached the surface of the sea in something over two seconds. But the resistance of the air could have been by no means negligible—it must have got under his jacket and slowed his fall considerably, for the boy was not killed and was in fact only momentarily knocked unconscious by the impact.

PROBABLY it took as much as four seconds for the Prince to fall into the sea.

Hornblower was led to make the calculation when brooding over the incident later, for he could remember clearly all the thoughts that passed through his mind during those four seconds. Momentary exasperation came first, and then anxiety; and then followed a hasty summing up of the situation.

If he hove-to to pick up the boy, the Castilla would have all the time needed to overhaul them. If he went on, the boy would drown. And if he went on, he would have to report to Collingwood that he had left the King's great-nephew without lifting a finger to help him.

He had to choose quickly—quickly. He had no right to risk his ship to save one single life. But—but—if the boy had been killed in battle by a broadside sweeping the deck it would be different. To abandon him was another matter again. On the heels of that conclusion came another thought, the beginnings of another thought, sprouting from a seed that had been sown outside Cartagena. It did not have time to develop in those four seconds; it was as if Hornblower acted the moment the green shoot from the seed showed above ground, to reach its full growth later.

By the time the boy had reached the sea Hornblower had torn the emergency lifebuoy from the taffrail; he flung it over the port quarter as the speed of the ship brought the boy nearly opposite him, and it smacked into the sea close beside him. At the same moment the air which Hornblower had drawn into his lungs to reprimand the Prince was expelled in a salvo of bellowed orders.

"Mizzen braces! Back the mizzen topsail! Quarter boat away!"

To be continued next week

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ALL prizes in this £1,750 JOHN BULL competition page *must* be won for Christmas. In the £1,000 *Bullets* Contest, a £500 First heads this year's final cheque-plus-turkey prizes, Surrey fowls, cakes and hundreds of other awards. In Crosswords, your goal is that £600 First, but note this one opportunity only of gaining a Christmas feast as part of that £150 in seasonable extras among Second and Third Prize sharers. Shoot in your *Bullets* and Crossword coupons by Monday, November 30, and win yourself a merry Christmas!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Peace On Earth
The Christmas Picture
Come What May
New Star In The Sky
Eat, Drink, Be Merry And
The Youngsters
In The Cold, Grey Dawn
Wonderful Gift
Forest Of Chimneys
Bloated Capitalist
Passed The Test
Burning
Not Taken Seriously
Like Peter Pan
At The Pistol's Point
Losing His Grip
Man With A Sack
A Bit Too Enthusiastic
Ghostly Apparition
At The Hospital Dance

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Now They've A.....
Back From The.....
Everybody's.....
To Hear.....Talk
When She Stopped.....
It Sounds....., But

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OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. G. O. Shirley, 62 Briardale Road, Liverpool: WHAT BABY MEANS TO US—"NEW WORLD"—POSSIBLY. *House!* £9: J. Ritchie, 13 Seafield Road, Peterhead: HUMANITY'S FUTURE—DARK AS—DAFFODIL BULB! £8: J. Gallagher, 7 Radharc na Pairce, Drogheda, Co. Louth: THE PEARL OF PEACE—SHIMMERING IN RUSSIAN "MOONSHINE." £7: D. Emanuel, 28 Railway Terrace, Tumble, Llanelly: WIZARD WITH A CAR—AVOIDED THAT "TRICK CYCLIST." £6: Mrs. E. R. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: WIZARD WITH A LATHE—BUT HE'S *Sixty-five* TOMORROW! £5: G. Maxwell, 21 Regent Street, Keith, Banffshire: LOVESICK SWAIN—SEASICK—HOMESICK—AIRSICK—*Cured*! £5: W. E. Smith, 30 Kilravock Street, London, W.10: POISONS THE AIR—SMOKE—FROM *Air-conditioned* FACTORY!

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated December 19, and in JOHN BULL dated December 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 12, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,913 result.)

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Across Clues — **XWORD 861**

2. It's not a bad idea to have some slack in this
4. Studious girl may be deeply interested in her these
5. Many a sensitive person remembers being this when a child
6. Strait-laced people will frown on
10. Winning this is a matter of teamwork
14. One speaks of this as common
15. Craftsman of a superior one deserves to be well paid
11. It's most embarrassing for a passenger to lose this
12. As a rule, hard knocks have little effect on
13. What most schoolchildren need before they finish their homework

Down Clues

1. One can sometimes see a beautiful girl without any
3. Now and again drifting will be checked by this
5. In Britain coal is still a great one
7. Many a wife thinks her hubby's isn't good enough for him
8. Coppers are found pretty useful in
9. When playing on the boards, magicians rely quite a bit on these

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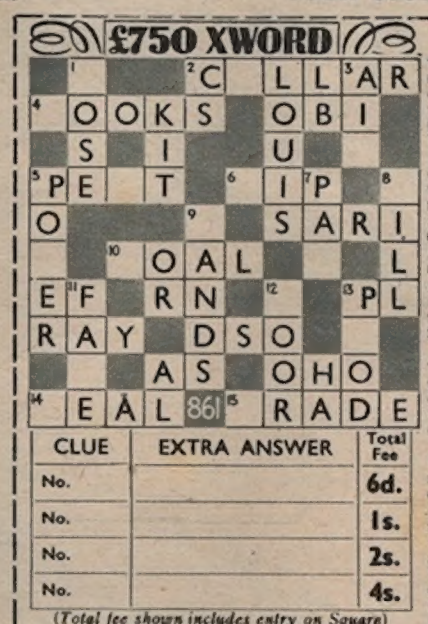

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